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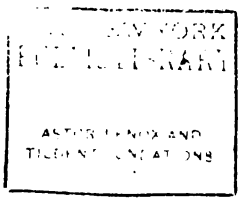

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THE

Chelsea Historical Pageant,

Old Ranelagh Gardens, Royal Hospital,

JUNE 25TH—JULY 1ST, 1908.

Book of Words

With Illustrations and Selections from the Music.

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Printed for the Pageant Committee,
1908

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The following pages contain, in the first place, the text of the various episodes enacted in the Chelsea Historical Pageant and the narrative links connecting them; secondly, brief analytical and explanatory notes upon the various scenes; thirdly, selections from the incidental music; and lastly, lists of those who have made the Pageant, the Patrons, Officials, Committees, Guarantors and Subscribers.

These substantial items in the bill of fare are excellently brought to table by the Foreword which Lord Courtney has kindly contributed; whilst some Pageant verses by Mr. J. H. Irvine and Mr. Reginald Blunt are included by way of *hors d'œuvre* and dessert.

It may be of interest here to indicate the way in which the Episodes have been chosen and the writing of them has been carried out. The Historical Committee selected, out of a wealth of available material, ten definite scenes, which appeared to them to cover and focus, as far as possible, the history of Chelsea, and to introduce the largest number of those historical characters which are identified with the locality. In this connection the Committee wish, at the outset, to acknowledge their indebtedness to the original scenario drawn up by Miss Hutchinson, when the idea of a Fête in Chelsea was first mooted. This was naturally on a very much smaller scale, and Miss Hutchinson was unable to undertake the vast increase of work which the enlarged scheme necessitated.

A detailed scenario for each Episode having been drawn up by the Committee, they then approached the various ladies and gentlemen whose names appear as the authors of the Episodes, with a view to their writing the necessary parts.

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They gave them an extremely difficult task to perform, as a good deal of matter had to be introduced, and a very strict time limit had to be set. The authors, however, accepted the invitation in the most cordial spirit, meeting the Committee at every point; and the result is one on which the Pageant may well be congratulated. Where discrepancies are found between the dialogue as delivered by the actors, and the Episode as printed in this book, they are due to the obvious necessity of compression and revision which always arises at the rehearsals of any dialogue intended for dramatic presentation. In some cases, notably in the 9th Episode, these divergencies are very wide, because what is extremely interesting to read may often prove in actual presentation somewhat ineffective, owing to the difficulties of speaking such dialogue in the open air, and in a very much larger area than that to which the actor is accustomed.

If, therefore, the public are inclined to look somewhat critically at the dramatic structure and setting of these Episodes, the Committee ask them to bear in mind the difficulties of such an unusual form of literary effort as that necessitated by a Pageant, the aim of which has been to preserve, in combination with pure spectacle, as much as possible of the personal and dramatic quality. Under these restrictions of work the Committee feel that whilst their heartiest thanks are due to the writers for their invaluable collaboration, any criticism of details which the text may evoke should be laid at their own door rather than the authors.

One other word, perhaps, needs saying. Those responsible for the sayings and doings in these scenes have, in intention at any rate, held fast to the distinction between things non-historical and unhistorical. They have not hesitated to introduce unrecorded probabilities; they have,—where dramatic presentation demanded—concentrated into one scene, events which were separated by some slight interval of time; they have unquestionably adopted a fine local legend which the records (more shame to them) have failed to verify; but they have not, they believe, in any serious sense transgressed the hard facts of history.

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A FOREWORD TO FOREWORDS.

"Cheerful Chelsea!"—so began I Forewords for the Book of our Pageant nigh a fortnight ago, and with this phrase as my text discussed as I might on the episodes in Chelsea history we propose to represent. The work done, the copy was sent to the printers and I waited patiently for a proof. A proof, alas! has not come, but instead thereof, a dreadful statement that the copy appears to have been irretrievably lost, all searches for it even among the refuse papers of the printing shop, having proved in vain; and I have no word or note to record the missing manuscript. Sympathy will be abundant if only sympathy could help. Never since Mrs. Taylor's careless housemaid managed to destroy the manuscript of the first volume of the "French Revolution" and John Mill came with pale face and hurried steps to break the news to the Carlyles—never, I am persuaded, has there been such a catastrophe. But we must follow the great example of Cheyne Row. Here is a second attempt and the same theme, and here ends what Southey, who wrote excellent English before Furnivall invented or recovered "fore-words," would have called chapter I Ante-Initial.

FOREWORDS.

"Cheerful Chelsea!" so I began, and so in spite of transitory misfortunes, I resume. The words give the character of the place I most love to dwell upon—the character which I hope visitors to the Pageant will carry away with them. Our river-side parish has not been the scene of tumultuous histories; it has never been inhabited by a great industrial overcrowded population. A certain evenness or even serenity of temper has marked its development. It has grown peaceably and genially, and the labours in which the parishioners have engaged have been of the lighter, it may almost be said of the lightest sort. Children came here to eat buns—the Bun-House has long since gone, though the fragrant, the aromatic, the spicy manifolded cake continues to be made up and down the country. Children of a larger growth think of Chelsea in connection with certain dainty shepherds and shepherdesses with backgrounds of bosky green, carefully guarded on mantel-pieces and in cabinets. The factory has followed the Bun-House. There is another

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employment still with us, but passing away. The College Garden, with the added Ranelagh where lies our scene, will, we may hope, be preserved for ever. The embankment gardens have come to stay, and the Physic Garden has gained a new life and put on new beauties. But the gardens of the seedsman and the florist, where patient, assiduous, and affectionate labour gave itself up to the acclimatisation of new, and the development of old flowers and shrubs, are dwindling yearly and are indeed vanishing away. The characteristic which these things testify will however abide. Chelsea is cheerful and will contribute to the innocent cheerfulness of men. Its dwellers are companionable people, interested in and sympathizing with one another, a little outside the turmoil of the Town, yet near enough to feel not unpleasantly some influence of its movement, some subsiding waves of what may be its greater emotions.

If I wish to lead others to look upon Chelsea as I do, I must begin by confessing that my interest in it is not keenly excited until I see Chelsea emerging as a community of its own in an England coming to herself. Did Cæsar cross the Thames at Chelsea? Opinions differ. Authorities are in conflict. Was the Thames ever fordable off Tite Street? I know not. Anyhow, Cæsar and his legions are totally disconnected from the Chelsea of our traditions, and I watch a passage which leaves me unmoved. Nor am I greatly excited by an episcopal synod, though I recognise the admirable opportunity it offers for the display of vestments about which no Royal Commission need enquire. I drop down the stream of time: I first see Chelsea on a bright day in June with a little church, the nucleus of our present Old Church near the river-bank, with cottages and gardens and an ale-house or two lying about, and some 'prentice-boys it may be, who have come up the river from the City to enjoy the air and the sunshine. One visitor, I am persuaded, often came—indeed I see him moving about in the scene—although the historical evidences of his visits are not so abundant as I could desire. Geoffrey Chaucer has come up from Thames Street with the tide; it is a high tide flowing up the rivulets, still our parish boundaries which in times of flood meet in the low grounds at the back, and make the parish that Chessil-ey, that gravel island its name seems to import. Chaucer has come up and has landed on the sedgy bank, where the overhanging leaves dip in the high water. and he is seen walking among the daisies and listening to the foulies, and enjoying the sight and converse of his kind with that great humanity which makes the father of English poetry an example of perhaps the best type of Englishmen. Chelsea is already cheerful with his presence; it is debonair, smiling, and gracious; the character of the place is stamped upon it, and though a

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hundred years or more must pass before the next scene in our Pageant takes up the theme, the flying grace of the time has been caught and a strange identity in spirit is maintained.

We are in the days of King Hal, and a fair house, with a well-ordered garden now lies on the bank of the river. As we pass into the garden, what a loveable society we meet there! Sir Thomas More is receiving his friends, the best of his own land and some most rare spirits from across the seas. Here is Erasmus, subtle, keen, scholarly, with a most familiar sweetness for his friends, but with an inborn repugnance to all that is ignorant, base, or vulgar, that estranges the lewder sort from his companionship. Holbein, another outlander, much honoured by all good men, is bent on depicting the scene for the delight of coming generations. Dean Colet, with the great zeal for liberal learning, and the pious love of youth is busy with his scheme for the organisation of a famous school, flourishing among us to-day with ever-growing splendour. The King himself visits his Chancellor—a King still loving learning and the converse of good men, whose life had not yet passed, as it so easily passes, from lusty vigour into lustfulness. More with his family about him, his father, his wife, his daughter, son-in-law, and that family fool for whom I crave a place in the corner, is moving about, affectionate and grateful, and he remembered, I doubt not, as he came up just now from Westminster and passed Lambeth, with its newly built red-brick gate-house on the river bank, the days not long since when, a boy servitor, he waited in the hall of the palace. More with his family and friends in his garden at Chelsea, presents a veritable Utopia which we may contemplate with delight even if there flits across the mind some vision of the sequel of later years.

I can but glance at the two scenes in which Chelsea is associated with the great name of Elizabeth. In the first, still a very young girl, she is yet as authoritative as anyone could be who was certain, as she assuredly was not, to be a future Queen—indeed puts into her place the still younger Jane Grey, whose right of succession was far better than her own, if Acts of Parliament go for anything in such matters. In the second, a grey old woman—a very "occidental star," she comes back to the neighbourhood where she was placed as a child. The author of our scene is as happy as the author of "Kenilworth" in the way in which every person of importance accidentally comes before us. There is Raleigh, the adventurous, still a favourite, still successful, little forecasting his future; using his own influence indeed to promote the fortune of the happy, unhappy Spenser, the sweetness of whose poetic dreams but ill compensated for his troubled days in the island, distressful

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then as now, of the West. Burleigh with his staff as Lord Treasurer and my Lord Buckhurst the Queen's cousin, the tragic poet who succeeded him in his office, appear together on the scene, and passengers of the highest importance circle about the Queen.

But I hurry by to the merrie days of the second Charles, when Chelsea, like England, showed the reaction after the Commonwealth and cheerfulness passed into gay and even luxurious profusion. What a change from More! St. Evremond takes the place of Erasmus and the Duchesse of Mazarin and Louise de la Querouaille, personifying those foreign graces most beloved by the King, bring the fashions and the wit of France to decorate the stage. The Duchesse and St. Evremond lived in that Paradise Row which, to the grief of all lovers of Chelsea, disappeared only last year; but there were larger mansions about, and one of them, my Lady Radnor's, the French Ambassador hired the other day for a fête he gave the King, a fête which became the talk of the town and was presently imitated in similar entertainments. The King has come to-day on a modest revel of his own—there is a special dance of Chelsea Reach, and some music—was it Harry Purcell's?—prepared for the royal pleasure. A little plot, however, is transacted in the background, that rogue Samuel Pepys is in it, recovered from the fright he had a fortnight ago. He had set out for a frolic according to his wont at the "Swan," but got lost in a fog, and when at last he was at the entrance, a voice out of the mist advised him to go back, as a man had died there of the plague the night before. To-day he has almost forgotten the discomposure the warning gave him. He is the regular man of business, the assiduous civil servant, the Fellow of the Royal Society, who has come with the blameless Sir Christopher Wren and Stephen Fox, the Paymaster, not quite so immaculate, to induce the King to give the grounds of the College as a site for a Home for wounded and disabled soldiers. The design was happily accomplished, in witness whereof the gracious buildings of Wren remain to this day, but it would not have been accomplished but for the providential arrival on the field of some maimed and invalided warriors whose mute appeals were backed by the sweet voice and the more pressing solicitation of one, Mistress Gwyn, for whom, we may, perhaps, ourselves plead that Charity covereth a multitude of sins.

"'Tis said he's older than he's reckoned
And well remembers Charles the Second."

Dr. Swift's lines about himself are a not unfitting link between the last scene of the Pageant and the next, where the Doctor himself appears as an actor. The Dean was very much at home in Chelsea. From his

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lodgings in Church Street he wrote many of those fond, foolish, endearing letters to Stella in which he talks of things great and small, matters of State and the cost of a seat in a coach from the King's Road to St. James's: and it was from the end of Church Street that he bathed in the Thames while his servant kept guard against the impertinences of the vulgar. Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay are also of the piece, while the famous Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele champion the opposition. It was the last days of Queen Anne, and we miss one gentleman who we know was extremely busy whilst the Queen was dying, and was familiar with all the personages we have named. It is true that young Colonel Esmond's activity was mainly in Kensington between the Square and the King's Arms, but he was well known on the river bank where his step-mother, the old Vicountess Castlewood, lived in some state in her new house on Cheyne Walk. The plans of this young gentleman were indeed utterly baulked, and he made but a wry face over the glorious accession commemorated by Doggett's coat and badge; nor would Handel's serene Water Music have soothed his spirit. We turn from his troubles, not without sympathy, to that Sir Hans Sloane, the busy, curious, eager collector, who came to Don Saltero's to announce the peaceful demise of that Queen now irreverently quoted as the deadest of the dead. Years passed before Sir Hans himself went over to the majority. He has left his mark right and left on Chelsea, and in his placid humour characterised the place, as witness the fine lines of the epitaph below the urn which the passer-by may read at the corner of the graveyard of the Old Church:—,

> "Who in the year of our Lord 1753, the 92nd year of his age, without the least pain of body, and with a conscious serenity of mind, ended a virtuous and beneficent life."

We have but one scene more and it fairly brings us home; for it lies in the very Ranelagh Gardens where our Pageant is presented—not the Ranelagh of to-day, which masks a real history of its own under a name it has assumed. The second George has come with Prince Fred and the Princess putting forth at least an outward seeming of agreement, while courtiers and men of letters move about as is their fashion on the limits of the sphere of Royalty. 'Tis a century of clubs and clubmen—clubs not as to-day, palaces where members pass to and fro for years in their ample saloons without interchanging a word—sometimes without knowing each other's names—but associations of the men themselves freely coming together, freely separating, and as freely re-uniting in fresh combinations. One of the most clubbable of men—the inventor of the word—is rolling along, not yet fully recognised, not yet enjoying the pension which made easy his later years, but still positive, dogmatic,

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masterful, overbearing all opposition, although paradoxically enjoying most the society of those who put him most on his metal to hold his own. A young Scottish gentleman is introduced, one James Boswell, as hovering about Johnson, but this must perhaps be taken as prophetic since pedants put the famous introduction by Tom Davis at a somewhat later date. Anyhow, the clubbable men are here in goodly number, enjoying the pleasure of walking round and round—which the poet leads us to believe was the relaxation of Ranelagh. As they perambulate they discourse on the last play with the Prologue writ by a person of quality, whom we all know but do not name; the essay in the morning's "Rambler," surely as good as anything our grandfathers ever read in the "Tatler" or "Spectator;" my Lord Chesterfield's newest fantastic design to rob us of eleven days, and—but hist there goes Elizabeth Chudleigh, Madame Chudleigh, my Lady Bristol,—what shall we call her?—beautiful, tricksy, alluring, most adventurous of women, who is even now from mere distraction making eyes at Heidegger, the ugliest of mortals. So passes the last scene of our Pageant. The gaiety has somewhat changed its mode. It has not the sweetness of More's Garden nor the careless grace of the age of the second Charles. It has not the brilliancy of the abundant literary galaxy of the last days of Anne, but though the colour be varied, gaiety remains; it has even become more popular, more widespread; social intercourse runs through the community, and a measure of the cheerfulness which Ranelagh preserves for Chelsea may be claimed to have become the inheritance of the nation.

* * * * * * * *

Our Pageant ends in the Eighteenth Century and the Twentieth has begun. Has Chelsea presented no scenes in the interval which fancy would like to reproduce? Assuredly the life of our growing village has not been barren, and the later generation will love to dwell upon interwoven histories to which we are at present perhaps somewhat too near. Think of that simple little home in Cheyne Row where Carlyle spent an austere, independent life well over forty years! Think of his wife, happy, yet not happy, ruling with supreme success her modest domain, proud of the homage paid by the elect of the generation, home and foreign, to her husband's genius, and yet with longings unsatisfied she would not permit to be confessed to herself! Here is scope for much imagining, and the vision does not stand by itself. We used to flout at the Eighteenth Century, but we have come to see that it has left us not a little that is good. The Nineteenth is now passing under a cloud. Criticasters talk of the Early Victorian, the Mid-Victorian, and I know not what other eras. 'Tis the fashion which passes away. There will

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emerge by-and-by an acknowledgement that the Nineteenth Century also has had its distinction. Chelsea has seen poets coming and going and dwelling within it; it has had painters not a few, whom contemporaries held to be fantastic and eccentric, who are now recognised as men of real genius; politicians have never been wanting and seem to be getting more and more abundant. It is plain that a great throng of life is and has always been moving about us. Many a combination may hereafter be drawn from this ever-varying spectacle. Will they not always be found to present some abiding characteristic? Here we are at Ranelagh! The sunny sky above us, the garden and the leafy world where we are sitting, the quaint pollarded avenue we crossed before we entered on the scene of our Pageant and the shining river encompassing its border, all make up an image of cheerfulness and charm in which the presence of a few red-coated veterans dotted about is an accordant feature. It is quite a joyous spectacle. I end as I began with the words—Cheerful Chelsea!

COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS,

By J. Harry Irvine,

Master of the Pageant.

It is my privilege in this written memento to say a few words about the preparation for the dramatic side of the Chelsea Pageant. It would be impossible to describe its progress in detail, unless one were prepared to write at least three volumes of the size of this Pageant Book, and equally it is not my province to attempt to enumerate the names of all who have rendered assistance in carrying through this task. But among the crowd of helpers, whose services have all been of the utmost value, I may, perhaps, be permitted to take this opportunity of tendering my personal thanks to those who have been more immediately and intimately connected with me in the work of the dramatic side. First among these, I may mention the original members of the Historical Committee, Mr. Reginald Blunt, Mr. Randall Davies, and Mr. J. Henry Quinn, who were always ready with historical information and sympathetically inclined towards dramatic suggestion, and to whose careful research the framework of the Episodes is due. So, too, it would have been impossible for the actual book to have been written without the utmost good nature on the part of the authors and authoresses, who accepted the limitations which we were obliged to impose upon them, and have suffered with the greatest patience such alterations and cuttings as were rendered necessary by the exigencies of dramatic presentation.

I have also had the enormous advantage of the co-operation throughout of Mr. G. Ambrose Lee, who has not merely placed at my disposal his great historical knowledge, but has also personally superintended the rehearsals with a view to accuracy in the matter of ceremonial and etiquette, and has rendered me in every department such assistance as nobody but himself is qualified to render.

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For the pictorial side of the Pageant, the credit is due to Mr. Heslewood's creative skill as a designer and to his historical knowledge of costume, but he has gone far outside his own immediate work, and has assisted me in every possible way with his dramatic and practical knowledge. And the properties of the Pageant, those thousand and one details which do not fall definitely into the department of costumes, but which need an immense amount of practical as well as theoretical knowledge, the procuring of which is in itself by no means the lightest of Pageant tasks—this whole department has been undertaken by Mr. W. R. Staveley, who has been unsparing of personal effort, and to whom alone the fact is due that the enormous majority of the Pageant properties has been the product of Chelsea labour.

The result has been that from the beginning of the Pageant I have been relieved from all anxiety on the score of historical accuracy and practical workmanship in all of the many departments of the Pageant.

Space only permits me to mention these few names, but I hope that it will not be thought that there is any intention of ignoring the host of voluntary workers who have assisted with the dresses and with the properties; nor do I feel that I am competent to go beyond the dramatic side and to refer to the work of organisation done by Archdeacon Bevan, Colonel Clifford, and the members of the various Committees.

My last word of thanks is to the performers, who have so freely undertaken the expenditure of time and money necessary for the production of these Episodes, and who have not merely borne with patience the necessary drilling and discipline, but whose enthusiasm for the welfare of their own Episode, and of the Pageant as a whole, has been throughout a most welcome source of inspiration to the efforts of the Master.

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NOTES ON THE MUSIC.

By Ernest Bucalossi.

As in the cases of St. Albans, Romsey, Oxford and other important Pageants—while not neglecting the opportunities presented for the introduction of contemporary melodies—it has been found judicious, in view of the dramatic exigencies, to write special music illustrative of the action of the different Episodes.

A departure from the tradition of other Pageants has, however, been made by the abolition at Chelsea of the full narrative chorus, in favour of a single figure dramatically declaiming the verses which are necessary to bridge the gaps between the Episodes.

The opening music, or prelude for the orchestra, has been schemed to suggest, in its introductory movements, the alternate warnings and wailings of the Druids with the triumphant note of Cæsar's advancing hosts.

But when the succeeding centuries set sling and arrow aside, and the yoke of the invader has been shaken off, lass and lad foot it merrily to the lilt of lute, sackbut and viol.

After a strenuous opening to Episode I., illustrating the Briton's defence against the advance of the conquering Cæsar, the Druid hymn is heard, being immediately followed by the invocation, intoned by Druid and Ovith, to enharmonic orchestral progressions. To the deep-toned baying of the Roman buccinae and fanfare of trumpets succeeds Cæsar's March, illustrative of Progress and Power a concealed choir singing in counter melody a chorus in honour of Cæsar. The entrance of the Peace Envoys with accompanying music and a réprise of the march bringing the Scene to an end.

Passing over the music necessary to illustrate Episode II., we come to the prelude and dances in Episode III. A lapse of 700 years places us, musically speaking, on firmer ground. May Day

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in Chelsea Fields. Here we have the Maypole dancers and the favourite Morris dance of Henry VII., called "Dargason." The singers give us the old catch, "Sumer is icumen in," and after musical illustration of Robin Hood and other familiar characters, the noisy revel terminates with the Galliarde, an old French dance popular in England at that time, which has many recommendations on the score of its quaintness and originality.

Henry VIII.'s visit to Sir Thomas More in Episode IV. opens up the opportunity for the introduction of one of that worthy monarch's own compositions, "Pastyme with goode compānie,' this being followed by a special setting of Sir Thomas More's lines "Flatterynge Fortune" sung by a concealed choir. In Episode V. comes the Serenade to the young Princess Elizabeth, "Herb of Grace," in the Chelsea Manor House Garden, specially written; while for the Nuns' chants at the Funeral Pageant of Queen Anne of Cleves (Episode VI.) contemporary music of the period is employed.

Episode VII. serves to introduce the Children's Masque, illustrative of scenes in Spenser's Fairy Queen, with its curious allegorical processions and the Pastorella dance by children, followed in Episode VIII. by a dance of that date of local interest, called "Chelsey Reach."

In Episode IX. we have the Tavern Orchestra with its old tunes; and excerpts from Handel's Water Music.

In Episode X. come the song of Ranelagh, "Ye Belles," and the dancing of the Chelsea China Minuet.

With regard to the orchestral department, the Committee have been fortunate in securing the services of The British Symphony Orchestra, which, with kind offers of assistance from instrumentalists residing in Chelsea, will ensure a worthy rendering of the incidental music.

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A PAGEANT PROLOGUE

BY J. HARRY IRVINE.

To Brunswick city once on a time
(As you may read in the famous rhyme)
There came a piper, whose skill was such
No guerdon he asked for was thought too much :
Yet, as soon as they found he was sure to win it,
The Brunswickers cried, " There's nothing in it."
He took his revenge, as pipers will,
For the burghers treated him mighty ill.
(From Jubal downward the race of pipers
Have found mankind a nest of vipers)
Yet think of the black ingratitude
That was shown to his art by the Brunswicker brood.
To-day we take his pipe in hand
For all who care to understand.
Surely the spell shall be woven strong :
Colour and music and dance and song
And the actor's art to weld them all
In the scheme of the Chelsea Pastorall.
Follow the piper! And yet, beware!
Close, shut close from the summer air
There's a valley rugged with flinty stones
And parched with the dust of dead men's bones
And a pedant usher to keep in guard
All who grudge the piper his due reward.
But greet the piper with smiling faces,
Wink at his faults and applaud his graces,
Pay him the tribute of eye and ear,
With a heart attuned to smile or tear,
And the piper's art shall soften the stones
And clothe with flesh the dead men's bones.
The piper plays ; and whoso heeds
May learn the truth of his fathers' deeds.
And as from the piper the son may know
The blackest depth of the father's woe,
So, through the piper, he shall inherit
The least last share of the father's merit.
It is by the tune that the piper plays
That the future awards its blame or praise.
Each deed that we of the present scheme
Shall become in its turn the piper's theme :
Then build we the tune that the future son
May say to the piper, " 'Twas bravely done."

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

CASSIVELAUNUS.

KING OFFA.

QUEEN KATHARINE PARR.

KING HENRY VIII.

LADY JANE GREY.

From designs for costumes by Tom Heslewood.

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THE NARRATIVE LINKS.

SPOKEN BY THAMES AND TIDE, MEETING AT CHELSEA'S RIVERSIDE.

(*From the West side of the Stage* TAMESIS, *impersonating the River Thames, enters, dressed as a young River God, and carrying a willow staff*).

TAMESIS. In oozy meadows of the Cotswold dales,
From pebbled springs and crystal cressbeds welling,
Past willowy eyots, through ever widening vales
Eastward my placid waters flow, toward Ocean swelling.

(*While* TAMESIS *speaks this verse, from the Eastern side enter* UNDA, *impersonating the Flowing Tide of the Sea. She is clad in flowing classic dress of sea-green silk, golden circlet with sea shells, sandals*).

UNDA. Each day since God first hung his Sun in heaven,
Up from the deeps I rise unceasingly
Each night, since first his Moon gave light at even
Here o'er these banks, I brim from out the sea.

TAMESIS. Well met, fair Unda, by these pleasant meads
Where surely, someday—since my Ford is here—
The sons of men shall make themselves a home.
You bring the salt sea-breezes in your hair,
Say, has your Ocean aught of news to-day?

UNDA. Aye, news indeed! To the brown sands of Deal
I have borne a hundred triremes. These were beached;
Dark-visaged, steel-clad warriors leapt ashore,
Camped, and then northward marched in serried ranks.

(TAMESIS *and* UNDA *part, and retire to the extreme corners of the stage left and right, as the characters in the first episode enter the arena; and similarly throughout.*)

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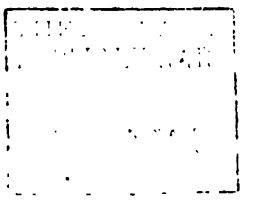

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FIRST EPISODE

CÆSAR'S CROSSING. CASSIVELAUNUS AND THE DRUIDS.

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EPISODE I.

The Romans Cross the Thames at Chelsea, 53 B.C.,

BY

J. Harry Irvine.

How Cæsar and his invading army came to the ford of Chelsea; how the Britons opposed his crossing; how the Druids took the omens; how Cassivelaunus came to inspire the defenders; how the Herald Bard prophesied disaster; how Cæsar crossed the ford and restored to the conquered tribe their rightful chief, promising them protection against the tyrant.

British Chieftain and Warriors.
White Druids.
Ovith Druids.
Druidesses.
Herald Bard.
Archdruid.
Cassivelaunus.
Charioteer.
A Roman Prisoner.
Cretan Archers.
Moorish Dartmen.
Balearic Slingers.
Standard Bearers.
Trumpeters.
A Centurion.
Heavy-armed Soldiers.
Cæsar.
Camillus.
British Chieftain.
Divitiacus.
Mandubratius.
Roman Officers.
Slave Secretary.
Mother of Mandubratius.
Peace Deputies from the Trinobantes.

Shouts and clashes of weapons off stage R. where the river is supposed to be. Descriptive music. Enter from L. running a British Chief and band of warriors who cross stage. As they reach C. a single British warrior appears at entrance R. and shouts—

"The horsemen are crossing above the ford."

The running party wave their weapons and wheel sharply to the right making exit C. As they disappear the Druid chant is heard off L. and the Druids appear singing.

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HYMN TO MAPON.

At break of day, with voices gay
We raise our song of welcoming.
Come ye, go ye, hasten to the grove.
There prepare his worship fitly.
Thus apprising at his rising
All to greet his rays
Unforgetting at his setting
Rings our hymn of praise.

At fall of eve our voices grieve
To note his westward hastening.
Fly ye, hie ye, hasten from the grove;
Close, now close his worship fitly.
Unforgetting at his setting
Rings our hymn of praise
At his rising soon apprising
All to greet his rays.

By the end of the Hymn the group will have reached the centre of the stage. During the following lines they take their places.

THE 12 DRUIDESSES. In the name of Belisama form the circle; form.

THE 6 OVITHS. Ogmios, great Ogmios, give thy servants wisdom.

1ST DRUID. From his eastern place of rising, Mapon I acclaim.

2ND DRUID. From the west I call the thunder in Sagomo's name.

3RD DRUID. See Taranos at meridian shining forth in flame.

OVITHS. Ogmios, great Ogmios, give thy servants wisdom.

DESSES. In the name of Belisama form the circle, form.

THE BARD. Perkunos! Perkunos! Perkunos!

1ST DRUID. Whence have you come?

ARCH DRUID. From the place of forgettings.

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2ND DRUID. Whom did ye seek for?

ARCH DRUID. Him that is lost.

3RD DRUID. How did ye return?

ARCH DRUID. By the stairway of the Gods.

1ST DRUID. Whom did ye speak with?

ARCH DRUID. Of the keeper of the stairway of the Gods let not the name be spoken.

2ND DRUID. How did ye pass?

ARCH DRUID. By the might of the symbol of Perkunos.

3RD DRUID. What word do ye bring?

ARCH DRUID. That ye seek until ye find.

THE BARD. Perkunos, Perkunos, Perkunos.

The first Ovith brings a sword to the Arch Druid, and the three Druids advance to him. He presents it tc each, saying, "Is it peace?" *They touch hilt and scabbard, saying,* "It is peace." *As they retire the Druidesses sing—*

"In the name of Belisama is the circle formed."

OVITHS. Ogmios, great Ogmios, grant thy servants wisdom.

At this point a shouting is heard and a chariot drives on from L. causing general confusion. In the chariot are Cassivelaunus, his Charioteer, and a Roman prisoner. Cassivelaunus has approached from the unlucky quarter, and the Druids raise hands in horror, murmuring, "Gaesa. He comes from the place of the dead."

As Cassivelaunus descends from chariot, he stumbles.

ARCH DRUID. Mighty Vellaunus call you aloud on the name of Perkunos that he avert the omens.

CASSIVELAUNUS (*impatiently*). A truce to your pratings of omens and your gods. Did ye not preach to me of the might of Camulos and his fenced city of Camulodunum, warning me of disaster; yet in this hour are the Trinobantes

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beneath my heel and the stronghold of Camulos is utterly destroyed.

2ND DRUID. Yet by the arm of Sagomo shall Camulos be avenged.

CASS. I will believe his vengeance when I feel it. Now will I pass to the place of battles: my ears love the cry of battle more than the singing of women and priests.

ARCH DRUID. Yet stay and hear the counsel of the Gods.

CASS. Though I hear it I shall not heed it.

He turns to remount the chariot in which the figure of the Roman prisoner stands alone. All eyes are drawn to it, and a simultaneous wail bursts from the Druids, some falling on their knees.

CASS. What ails you now?

HERALD BARD. Who is it stands within the chariot of Vellaunos?

CASS. A Roman spy—carrion that I bear to toss back upon his master's spears.

HERALD BARD. Then do I prophesy—that as this Roman stands alone in the chariot of the chief, so will his tribe stand victorious on the desolate hearths of Britain.

CASS. And as I, the war hearth-chief, cast forth this dog, so will I cast forth his brethren from the land.

Cass. stabs Roman prisoner and rolls him out of the chariot at the feet of the Bard. There is a silence while the Bard stoops over the body. Then he raises himself erect; his left arm draws a fold of his robe over his head, while his right, stained with blood, is stretched to the sky.

THE OVITHS (*very low*). The awen comes upon him. Ogmios, great Ogmios, grant thy servant wisdom.

THE BARD.

From the blood that is spilt on the ground
From the blood that stains my heaven-ward raised hand
Dreams arise; dreams flock and cumber my brain.

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CASSIVELAUNUS.

ROMAN OFFICER.

HERALD BARD.

BRITISH WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

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EPISODE I.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

The red spirit speaks and the white spirit speaks
And in a dreadful circle of silence
The black spirits stand and watch.
What do ye mean, ye silent watchers?
It is on doom and destruction ye brood and out of your silence
Faint, yet clearly, I hear the sound of a distant wailing.
A nation passeth—passeth and goeth forth to the stream of the lost and forgotten.
Doomed is the nation; weep for the death of it; Ai, Ai.

The red spirit speaks.
He speaks of strife, of war and of battles.
Struggle on struggle, conflict on conflict, nation on nation.
The Roman shall conquer and pass; in the hour of his conquest he passes.
Others shall follow him, others shall conquer, others shall pass,
Countless the feet that shall tread this ground, and divers the nations.
Many shall fight and many shall fall and many shall suffer
Till at the last—

The white spirit speaks.
Peace,
Peace with outspread wings broodeth over the earth.
Here where I stand is a nook of peace, a haven of comfort,
Out of the shock of wars, out of the blood, shall a mighty nation arise,
Learned in arts of war and of peace, calmly and grandly ruling,
Spreading abroad to the ends of the earth.

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Yet as the circle is true to the centre, back to the centre its blessings return and here—here is the centre.
Centre of warfare, centre of peace, home of the greatest of Britain.
But alien, oh my brothers, alien to us ; in a silent circle
The black spirits droop ; with darkness they cover their faces.
Only a voice in the distance tells of a home in the mountains
Far in the rugged mountains a home for the race and the language.
There shall they live.
But here and now.
This is the hour of passing.
The black spirits gather round me and my face is veiled in darkness.

As the prophecy ends he falls back into the arms of two of the Druids. There is a moment's silence, then a shower of stones rattles in the branches of the trees and an arrow quivers in the turf near the group.

ARCH DRUID. Hence, my brethren, hence, and you, rash chief, call off your warriors.

CASS. Rather will I rush to their head.

ARCH DRUID. Beware then and farewell. The Gods have spoken, your friends have spoken, now let the enemy speak. Farewell.

He follows the retreating Druids. Cass. in the chariot is crossing R. when again a single British warrior appears R. He shouts to Cass, "The warriors are in retreat." *The chariot wheels round and goes off C. Several Britons cross the stage in flight. One, the chief, hides behind tree R. The group of Roman archers cross the stage, firing into the thickets, followed by a group of dartmen. The British chief is making his escape with the*

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British standard, when four Roman slingers appear. They surround him and there is a fight; he is overpowered and bound. Through all this the Roman march has been sounding nearer and nearer, the heavy armed soldiers enter C. chanting.

Ave Cæsar; ave triumphans:
Saecla per omnia perdurabit nomen.
Gentes et populi cedunt ubique
Te veniente Cæsar; ave.

The chant ends in a big shout of "Ave, Cæsar," *and Cæsar enters followed by his staff, a slave Secretary carried in a litter, Divitiacus and Mandubratius. This last is a British boy, Chieftain of the Trinobantes, who has been with Cæsar for some years as a hostage.*

CÆSAR. How now, Camillus, is their army fled?

CAMILLUS. Yea, mighty Cæsar, when we passed the ford
They dared not wait our onset, but dispersed
On every side.

CÆSAR. A captive here I see,
And here a Roman prostrate in his blood.

CAMILLUS (*advancing to the body*). This is Mamillius whom you sent to bear
Your message to the Trinobantic clan.

CÆSAR (*addressing the body by his side*). If they have slain him, Mandubratius,
Although thy kinsmen, they shall rue the deed.

CAMILLUS. Question the captive, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Bring him forth.
Now speak. How did our soldier meet his death?

BRITISH CHIEFTAIN. This was a spy our chieftain caught and bound
And placed him in his chariot. Nothing else
I know, save that the chieftain's hand alone

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Could deal so shrewd a blow. Would it were mine.

CÆSAR. He speaks it boldly.

DIVITIACUS. Aye, and truly, Cæsar.
For thus I read his fate. This sacred mound
Proclaims the place a Druid grove and here
The priests would meet to take the battle omens.
Here would the chieftain bring his prisoner.
To sacrifice him to their savage Gods.

CÆSAR. Our Goddess Rome shall claim her sacrifice
When Cæsar meets that chieftain. For the rest
Bear forth the body and let the trumpets sound
A mourning note.

The trumpets sound, the dead body is borne through the ranks, everyone saluting as it passes. Blending with the trumpets there comes from L. the wailing cries of a deputation of Trinobantes, old men, women and children. They drop their weapons and advance to Cæsar. The mother of Mandubratius holds out her arms to him, but Cæsar keeps the boy by his side.

1ST TRIN. Great Chief, we come as humble suppliants
And thus abase ourselves before thy might
Seeking thy succour. For our ancient town
Camulodunum that was all our pride
Lies in the dust. A tyrant wastes our fields,
Captures our women, and enslaves our sons.
There is no aid save in the strength of Rome.

MOTHER. And, Cæsar, in the strength of one who stands
There at thy side, my son, now son of Rome,
Never forgotten through his exiled years.
Give back to me, his mother, and to these
His kinsmen, Mandubratius,
And o'er him throw the shield of thy great power
To strengthen us and him to guard our homes.

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CÆSAR. Go, Mandubratius; reign o'er thy tribe,
Cherish thy mother, and be well assured,
Where'er the Roman eagle spreads his wings
Justice shall flourish; and the proud oppressor
Still shall recoil before the might of Rome.
Farewell. Be strong, be true—worthy of Cæsar.

(*Flourish. Exeunt diversely. The chant is sung again.*)

NOTE TO EPISODE I.

BY THE AUTHOR.

The only account we have of the crossing of the ford is given us by Cæsar himself, and as he does not explain how it was that the legionaries were able to force their way up a bank studded with pointed stakes, however inadequately defended, it is suggested here that the horsemen managed to cross the river above the ford, and make a flank attack upon the defence. In the absence of definite information the whole Episode is, of course, full of suggestions, more or less plausible. Thus the Druid ritual is founded on what little is known of early British mythology, coupled with traditions of that primitive sun worship which appears to be common to all nations. The Druidesses take their stand at the twelve points of the compass. The North is the unlucky quarter, the place of the dead, and it is from that quarter that the Arch Druid makes his entrance fresh from his search for the lost God. The three Ovith Druids without the circle are in the place of the noonday sun at the Summer and Equinoxial solstices. The ritual of the sword still survives in the ceremonies of the Gorsedd. The colours of the Druid robes show the class of their wearers; the priests being in white, the Bard in blue and the oviths or day-Druids in green.

Some points of interest may be found in the entrance of the Romans. The three advance parties are composed of velites or skirmishers, Cretan archers, Moorish dartmen and Balearic slingers. The secretary is carried on a litter as was the custom with Cæsar in his campaigns, because the training of the slaves did not enable them to keep up with the march of the troops.

We have also imagined the presence of the Gaulish Druid Divitacus, who was for so many years Cæsar's companion. He wears the dress of the augur in pursuance of Cæsar's custom of Romanising all who came into his personal circle, whether of Roman birth or otherwise. So too, the British boy, Mandubratius is wearing the toga and the bulla of the Roman youth who had not yet reached maturity.

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"Cæsar."

TRIUMPHAL MARCH

ERNEST BUCALOSSI.

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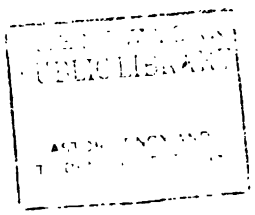

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TAMESIS. Rome came—and went. The Saxons came, and stayed.
Their seven kingdoms waxed, and warred, and waned,
Till Gregory's monk through Britain bore the Cross
And Mercia, welding East and South and West
Made England one, and Offa Sovereign Lord;
Who in his cunning kingcraft, deeming wise
To strengthen Mercia both in state and church
Summons to Chelsea, Councillors and Chiefs,
In solemn synod, as we witness now.

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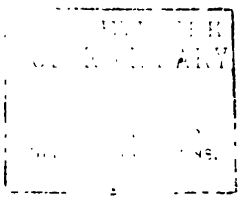

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SECOND EPISODE.

OFFA'S CONTENTIOUS SYNOD—ARRIVAL OF PAPAL LEGATES.

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EPISODE II.

THE SYNOD OF CHELSEA, A.D. 786.

By G. Ambrose Lee.

How the contentious Synod was held at Chelsea; how Offa proposed to weaken the power of the See of Canterbury; how Archbishop Jaenbrycht appealed to Rome; how Rome answered in the person of her legates; how Hibbert was made Archbishop of Lichfield; how Ecgferth was acclaimed as Offa's successor.

Dramatis Personæ.

Guards.
Eabald, Bishop of London.
Diorus, Bishop of Rochester.
Bishops.
Nobles.
Jaenbrycht, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Monk Secretaries.
Theophylact, Bishop of Tudertum. } *Legates of Pope Adrian I.*
George, Bishop of Ostia. }
Hibbert, Archbishop designate of Lichfield.
Offa, King of Mercia.
Ecgferth, Son of Offa.
A Messenger.
A Cross Bearer.
Choir of Nuns.
Attendants.

(*The place being set for* Offa, *enter* Eadbald, Diorus, *and other Bishops.*)

Eadbald. The King himself is come to-day. He means to have his will, and yet, I think, the Primate cannot yield.

Diorus. The issue lies with Rome or—with the King of France; we cannot fight with swords as Offa does.

(*Enter Guards, Secretaries, Nobles, Bishops, and* Offa, Ecgferth, *and* Hibbert.)

Offa. Jube, domne, benedicere.

Hibbert. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

All. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.

Offa. Sirs, you have heard my proposition. Of all the Saxon kingdoms, Mercia is the chief. Why, then, should Mercian prelates be subjects of a Kentish Bishop, and one who——

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JAENBRYCHT (*breaking in*). My son, hear me before you take from me the things that are God's. The manors, rents and property of my See in Mercia you have already deprived me of, and to your will I have bowed; but now you would snatch from me the jurisdiction which my predecessor, Blessed Augustine, received from the Apostolic See over the whole province and See which I, his most unworthy successor, still govern and direct. For nigh on twenty decades have my predecessors of holy memory governed this province, and now you would seek to confine my jurisdiction but to Kent and Sussex and Wessex. I entreat you, I implore you, my son, not thus lightly to disturb the Church of God, or root up and mutilate the tree by Blessed Peter planted. Even the King of France—

OFFA. Ah, what of the King of France, my lord, what of him? Think you he would be King of Kent and Mercia, too, and would you help to stay him?

JAENBRYCHT. I answer not for the French King, my son. And still, take you heed, and you too, my brethren (*turning to Bishops*), how you disregard the canonical statutes, freely accepted and received by you, whereby the present pre-eminence and dignity of the See of Canterbury is constituted and apportioned for ever.

OFFA. That power that made you chief can from you take the chiefship that you hold. He who makes can unmake too.

JAENBRYCHT. True, my lord; but this honour and this burden were not imposed *by you*. From the source of sacerdotal unity came that stream of grace which flows from my hands; to that source, then, I appeal. To the Apostolic See, to the successor of St. Peter, the author of its name and honour, I commit my cause.

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OFFA (*rising*). Bishop Jaenbrycht, you have appealed to Rome, but so have we, and in reply, the rescripts of Pope Adrian, the Bishop, are already come to our hands, duly constituting, from the six Sees, the Province of Lichfield in our kingdom. Let them be read;

(*Motions to Secretary, who reads from documents.*)

SECRETARY. "Adrian, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our venerable brothers the Archbishop, Bishops, and to our dear sons, Offa, the King, the Abbots, Priors, Archpriests, provosts and other prelates of the Churches of Britain, and to all the faithful in Christ, to whom the present writings shall come, health and apostolical benediction.

"Know all of you that at the instance of our beloved son, the said Offa the King, we have erected and constituted and do by these presents erect and constitute those portions of the Metropolitan See of Canterbury, situate and being in the Kingdom of Mercia and elsewhere, in the schedule attached to this rescript more particularly described, into a province, by the name and style of the Metropolitan See or Province of Lichfield, together with all fruits, issues, obventions and oblations of all the constituted churches and chapels in the aforesaid Province of Lichfield. And that this our grant and confirmation may be held in firmness indubitable and perpetual, we have thought well to ratify it by the defence of the present writing, and by the seal of the fisherman. Made in the year of our Lord, Seven hundred and eighty-six, in the month of April, the octave of the feast of Blessed Cletus and Marcellinus, bishops and martyrs, and in the fourteenth of our Pontificate."

OFFA. Archbishop, holy fathers, and you my Lords and Councillors,

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consider well the mandate of the letter of the Pope, who thus exhorts your assembly, and you will according to the rule of faith and the interests of the Catholic Church, order to be accomplished in all particulars those things which he has thus deigned to declare.

(*Enter* MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER. My lord King, the envoys from Rome are now at hand.

OFFA. Bid them most heartily welcome, and conduct them hither without delay.

(*The two Legates enter, with their attendants, one of whom carries a casket covered with a rich cloth: they are preceded by a choir of nuns from the neighbouring convent, led by a boy bearing a cross. The choir singing*).

"O Roma felix, quæ tantorum principum
Es purpurata precioso sanguine;
Excellis omnem mundi pulchritudinem,
Non laude tua, sed sanctorum meritis
Quos cruentatis jugulasti gladiis.

Vos ergo modo, gloriosi martyres,
Petri beate, Paule, mundi lilium,
Celestis aulæ triumphales milites,
Precibus almis vestris, nos ab omnibus
Munite malis, ferte super æthera."

(*The* LEGATES *advance towards* OFFA, *who rises to greet them.*)

OFFA. Venerable fathers, we greet you, being well assured of your prudence and affection for us and our subjects.

THEOPHYLACT (*partly speaking and partly reading from a scroll*). My Lord and son, our Holy Father, Adrian the Bishop, to whom fidelity and honour are due, by us his servants

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OFFA, KING OF MERCIA.

SAXON SOLDIER.

PAPAL LEGATE.
(THEOPHYLACT OF TODI.)

SAXON NOBLE.

Photographs by [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

EPISODE II.

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sends greetings to you, his dear son, and all your people in Christ our Lord. He is pleased to approve and ratify in every particular the prayer you have addressed to him. He sanctions and confirms, and all preliminaries prescribed by law and custom being duly observed, we in his name and by his authority hereby ratify, confirm, and appoint to the Metropolitical See of Lichfield, in the Kingdom of Mercia, our venerable brother the Bishop Hibbert, giving him jurisdiction over the said See, as full and complete, and in as ample a manner as that now exercised by our brother, the Bishop Jaenbrycht, over the See of Canterbury, in the County of Kent and elsewhere: and the Suffragans of the said Metropolitan See of Lichfield are to be the Bishops of Worcester, Leicester, Sidnacester, Hereford, Helmenham, and Dunwich, and we desire you, the said Suffragan Bishops and all of you to acknowledge him whom we nominate, promote and consecrate, in token of which we are directed forthwith to invest him, the Bishop Hibbert, with the sacred pallium, brought by us from the body of Blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, as a token of the venerable Adrian's love and solicitude for the people of this land.

(Murmurs of approval, which are stopped by a gesture of OFFA*).*

OFFA (*to* THEOPHYLACT). Venerable sir, we have heard with due devotion and gratitude the gracious message conveyed to us by your lips, and we render thanks to heaven that you have thus visited us with pastoral admonition and support. It is our desire and that of our subjects to keep inviolate the precepts of the Apostolic See, and to guard with faithful and faultless devotion, so far as our rude intellects permit, the orthodox religion happily established in our land. All that has been permitted or enjoined

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relative to the See of Lichfield shall forthwith be carried into effect, and we here present unto you, sirs, our faithful Bishop Hibbert, for election and due consecration as Archbishop of that Province.

(HIBBERT *advances, is acclaimed by the nobles and spectators, greeted and embraced by the legates, and invested by them with the pallium, which he kneels to receive in the usual form. The Choir sing meanwhile a verse or two of the "Veni Creator."*)

JAENBRYCHT (*to* OFFA, *after some private conference with other Bishops*). My Lord, I am, I acknowledge, bound by my good faith to render obedience to the ecclesiastical authority which you have invoked in your behalf. I protest myself so bound, without contradiction or cavilling, and ask your leave presently to withdraw.

(*Bows to the King and the assembly and is going when* OFFA *speaks*).

OFFA. Father, let us live in peace. I have warrant for my dealings with you, and yet desire to be your friend.

JAENBRYCHT. Sire, I desire to live in peace with all men, nor am I even now impatient of humiliation and reproof, how little undeserved. My Lords, farewell.

(*Goes slowly off, leaning on the arm of another bishop*).

OFFA. My Lords, being moved by gratitude to Bishop Adrian and by love and affection for the church whose motherly indulgence towards us and our people has been here to-day so happily exemplified, we have decided to follow the good example of King Ina, aforetime of Wessex, by making, for ourselves and our subjects, an annual offering and donation from each house in our Kingdom, to the Church of St. Peter and the support of poor pilgrims thither, and here we commit to your charge the first of such payments—one mancus for each

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several day—to be by you presented to Pope Adrian on our behalf. Our treasurer has drawn up the necessary charter of assignment, for us and our heirs for ever, and will exchange it for your formal receipt.

GEORGE. Sire, you have preferred the public good rather than your own profit, and will not lose your reward.

(*An attendant hands over the money in a bag to the attendant of the legates, who places it in the casket from which the pallium was taken*).

OFFA. And now, my friends, let it be known to you that I hereby declare and present to you my son Ecgfert, as my undoubted son and heir : and that the quiet and tranquility of the kingdom may not, when I am gathered to my fathers, be greatly disturbed or threatened, I call upon you all now to receive him as my heir, and to acknowledge him as joint ruler with me, in the presence of these holy bishops, our guests. Bishop Hibbert, do thou here invest him with circlet and staff, as an earnest of his coming solemn coronation.

HIBBERT, *assisted by other bishops, invests* ECGFERTH *with a staff and places a gold circlet on his head, blessing him thus* :—

HIBBERT. May the Lord give thee from the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, abundance of corn and wine and oil. May the people serve thee, and the tribes obey thee. Be the lord of thy brethren, and let the children of thy mother bow before thee, and may the blessings of the Almighty be heaped upon thee, through Christ our Lord.

ALL. Amen! Amen!

(*Then with great shouts of "Hail!" and blowing of horns, the whole assembly disperses, all but four of the bishops, who go after* JAENBRYCHT *going out with* OFFA *and his following, the choir chanting a psalm).*

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NOTE TO EPISODE II.

It is scarcely possible in the short space at the disposal of the directors of the Pageant to do more than merely touch upon the salient points of the episode comprised under the brief title of "The Synod of Chelsea," but the main incidents there enacted took place as represented. Offa, the great Mercian King, and Founder of the Abbey of St. Albans, had, for various reasons, decided that, Northumbria and Kent being provided with Metropolitans, it was fitting that his extensive and powerful Kingdom of Mercia should also be distinguished in like manner. His determination resulted, after much angry debate, in Jaenbrycht, the Archbishop of Canterbury, releasing all but five of his suffragans from their canonical allegiance; the formation of a new province of Lichfield with the remaining six suffragans; the recognition by the Pope, Adrian, of the new Archbishop; his investiture with the pallium; the election of Offa's son to be King of Kent, and to rule jointly with his father; and the promise by Offa of a yearly donation to the church of St. Peter at Rome—later known as "Rome Scot," or "Peter's Pence." The exact sequence, the time occupied by, as well as the significance of these events, have been the subjects of much controversy, into the merits of which, for our special purpose, it is unnecessary to enter. The statesmanship of Offa was shown by his cordial alliance with Rome, which was then the only organised power in Europe that was based on intellect and thought, and which appealed from the passions and animal instincts of man to his mind and conscience.

The ecclesiastical costumes represented are those of a period anterior by some centuries to that in which the vestments now in general use in the Western Church became crystallised in their present forms. Both these and the secular dresses are taken from the best available authorities.

The music and singing introduced in this and in Episode VI. are arranged from contemporary sources, and have been supervised by the Rev. G. H. Palmer.

G. Ambrose Lee.

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UNDA. Proud Offa passed. Yet here at Gospel Shotte
Five times in forty years great synods met
Ere Mercia's lordship fell at Egbert's feet.
Then for a season through the long black years
Of Danish rapine, chronicle is none,
Till the proud day when Alfred, our White King
Met his Archbishop and Duke Ethelred
At Chelsea, by these rushy banks, to plan
How pillaged London should be built again.

TAMESIS. And then again falls silence, through the age
Of Ironside's valour and Canute's rough sway,
Till hallowed Edward, son of Ethelred
To Thurstan, Governor of Westminster
Granted this Chelsea Manor full and free:
And Thurstan passed it to the Abbey there.
So through the years of Harold and of Sweyn
Of William's conquest and of Becket's sway
Through all the Princedoms of Plantagenet
And through the three Lancastrian Henries' reign
Through Crecy and Agincourt and Orleans
And all the red years of the House of York
Till Tudor Richmond rode from Bosworth, King,
This fisher village by my ancient Ford
Netted my salmon, ploughed and sowed and reaped
In unrecorded inconspicuous peace.
Its Manor, through base Abbot Gervas, passed
To alien Lords, whose names alone remain
For scanty record; then to the Abbey back,
And so at length to Reginald de Bray
Steward, Knight Banneret and Councillor
Richmond's High Treasurer and Chancellor
And builder of his glorious Chapel Tomb.
Here o'er these fields great Bray, the King's right hand
Would love to watch his tiercels pitch and point,
While London, Alfred's London, waxing great,
When snowy blossom starred the hawthorn hedge
To Chelsea Meadows by our riverside
Sent forth her youth to hold high holiday.

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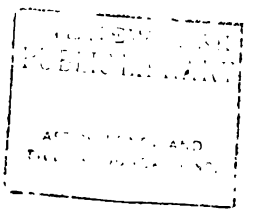

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THIRD EPISODE.

MAY DAY REVELS. THE MIRACLE CART.

FOURTH EPISODE (PART II.).

MEG ROPER BIDDING FAREWELL TO SIR THOMAS MORE

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EPISODE III.

May Day in Chelsea Fields

Circa A.D. 1500.

How Sir Reginald de Bray rode forth to the Hawking; how Citizens and Apprentices came to the Chelsea Fields for cudgel play, and the game of bowls; how the children danced in honour of the May; how the Gipsies showed the dance of Spain; how the Mummers enacted the Chronicles of Robin Hood; how the minstrels gave the King's favourite Morris Dance; how a party of Follies showed the galliard of France.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Reginald de Bray.
Hawking Party.
A Falconer.
Minstrels.
Dargason Dancers.
London Apprentices.
Citizens.
Street Hawkers.
Children.
Gipsies.
Robin Hood Mummers.
Miracle Cart.
Gailliard Dancers.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTE.

By G. Ambrose Lee.

"Then came fair May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around."

Spenser.

With the coming of the month of May in England, nature breaks into a perfect riot of beauty in flower and blossom, and it was customary in earlier ages in our land for all ranks and classes to join in joyfully celebrating the passing of the dreary winter and the coming of the smiling spring. On May Day, therefore, Chaucer tells us,—"Forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh," and other early writers also refer to the simple festivities of May Day morning. At Chelsea in the little village by the pleasant river, the good people of the parish, who then formed a more or less united family, clustered round the church which was here, as elsewhere, the centre of the local life and interest during those ages,—mistakenly, perhaps, characterized as "Dark"—are here represented assembling to celebrate in the good old manner of their forefathers the cheerful little festival. The May-pole is raised and garlanded with wreaths of fresh blossom, and round it the young people dance pretty nearly all through the day. Here comes Maid Marian, the Queen of May, perhaps a shadow of the Roman goddess Flora; here is Robin Hood, her fabled lover, the friar, the hobby horse, the taborer or minstrel, and the "dysard" or fool with the cockscomb and bladder. The costumes and "properties" used on these occasions were in many cases the actual property of the parish itself, being kept in the custody of the churchwardens. In the Kingston accounts of A.D. 1537 some such are thus set out:—"*A fryers cote of russett and a kyrtell weltyd with red cloth, a Mourens (Moor's) cote of buckram, and four morres daunsors cotes of white fustian spangelid and two gryne saten cotes, and disarddes (fool's) cote of cotton and six payre of garters with belles,*"—an extensive and effective wardrobe.

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The dances include that called "Dargason," a Morris dance, said to have been a favourite dance of the then reigning King, Henry VII., which was performed to the obvious delight of the spectators. A "Gilliarde" dance—then a very recent importation from France, and which a little later became very popular, is also witnessed with great interest, nor is a band of those mysterious wanderers, the Gipsies, lacking: who astonish the natives with their performance of a wild "Tarantelle."

Here now is a sort of cart, fitted up as a stage, on which is performed one of those curious religious plays called "miracle" or "mystery" plays, which for nearly a thousand years formed, in England, such a popular feature in both town and village life. The author of "Dives et Pauper," printed in A.D. 1493, writes thus: "*Spectacles, plays and dances that are used on great feasts, as they re done principally for devotion and honest mirth, and to teach men to love God the more, are lawful if the people be not thereby hindered from God's service, nor from hearing God's Word,*"—and, as a matter of fact, nearly the whole of the Bible story, beginning with the Creation, and ending with the Last Judgment, may be found contained in a series of these plays, so that the people, although unable to read, thus became familiarised with all the chief events of sacred history. At about the period dealt with in this Episode, the revival of classical learning was already in progress, and a change consequently was also taking place in the nature of these simple religious dramas. This took the shape of a partial substitution of symbolical and allegorical characters—representing virtues, vices, etc.,—for actual Bible figures. The plays then became known as "Moralities," as in that here represented, which is performed by members of the Fishers' Guild, where "Justice," "Truth," "Wisdom," "Charity," and "Contemplation," appear with their proper emblems.

To the village festival down from London—some three miles away—come some 'prentices bent on enjoying the fresh air of the country after long confinement in the narrow and not too savoury streets of the city. They are full of fun and frolic. An aristocratic party—led by Sir Richard Bray—who are re-

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turning from hawking in the open country to the north, also join the sports of their more humble neighbours and friends. Off at last moves the actor's cart, to continue its performance elsewhere; part of the crowd follows it, while others see no harm in looking forward to a tough fight between a bear and its canine tormenters—a form of "sport" long happily obsolete. And thus in a cheerful bustle, the Episode ends.

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SIR REGINALD DE BRAY.

MINSTREL AND CITIZEN.

GALLIARD DANCERS.

DARGASON DANCERS.

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EPISODE III.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell*

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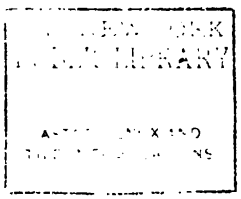

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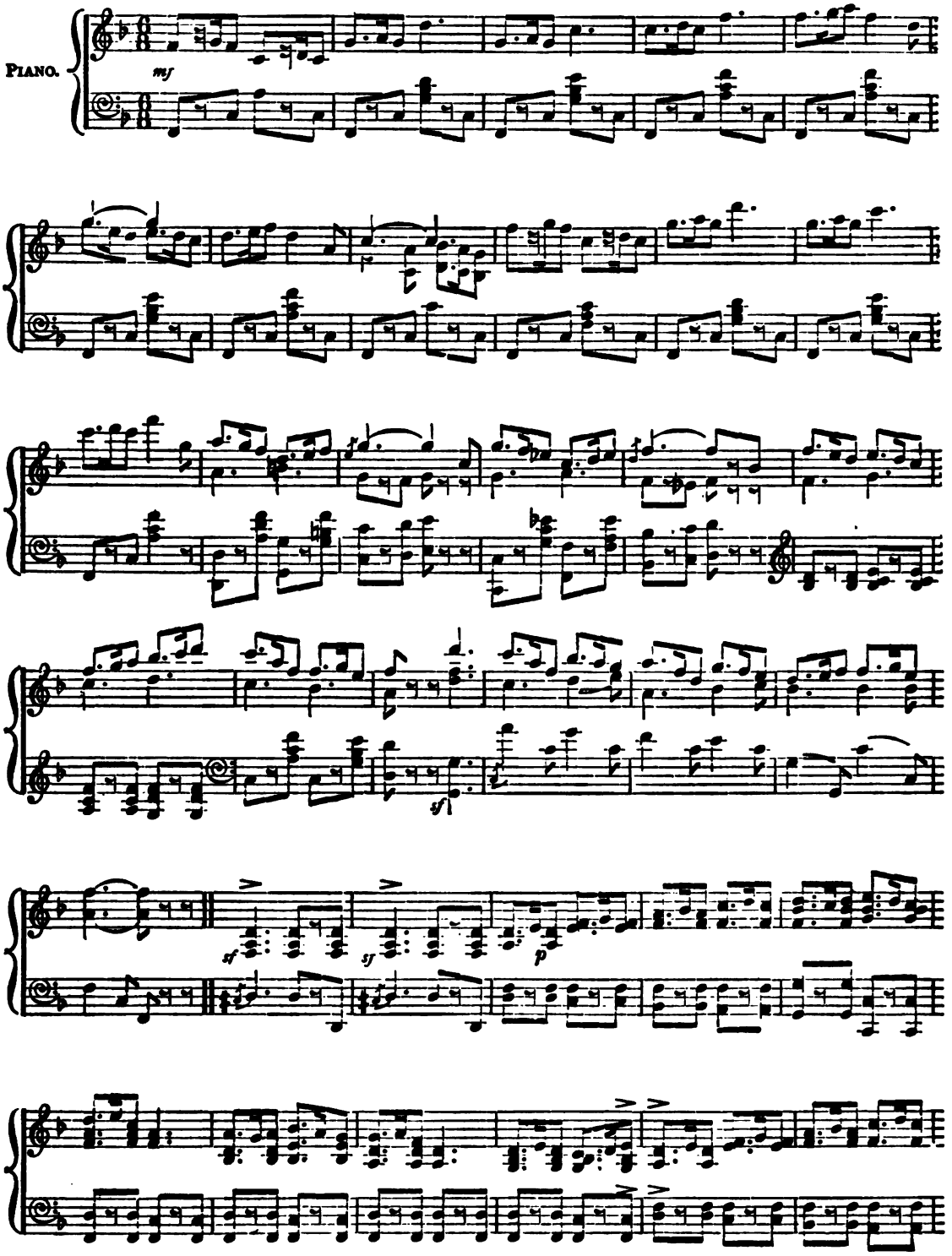
Dance.

ERNEST BUCALOSSI.



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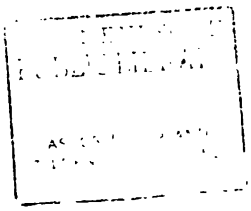

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UNDA. Your thousand revellers danced their hour, and sped.
I bore one barge from London to this shore
That brought a lasting glory, planting here
The Home and Garden of Sir Thomas More.

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FOURTH EPISODE (PART I.).

HENRY VIII. VISITS SIR THOMAS MORE.

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EPISODE IV.

SCENE I.

SIR THOMAS MORE AT CHELSEA, 1527.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

Scene I.—How Sir Thomas More shadowed forth Utopia in his own garden; how the King came and walked with him therein; how he was promised greatness and felt presage of disaster; how Holbein saw a famous picture.

Scene II. How the pursuivant came and called the Chancellor to Lambeth; how Meg Roper took farewell of her father; how his neighbours recounted his qualities and bewailed his fate; how Rich the solicitor came to seize his papers; how Meg Roper had a last word from her father and with her sisters resolved to carry on his work.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR THOMAS MORE.
ERASMUS.
BISHOP WARHAM.
BISHOP FISHER.
DAME MORE.
LORD AND LADY SANDYS.
LORD SHREWSBURY.
KING HENRY VIII.
MARGARET ROPER.
ANN CRESACRE.
WM. ROPER.
HOLBEIN.
SIR JOHN MORE.
CICELY HERON.
BESS MORE.
MARGARET GIGGS.
WILLIAM PATTESON.
A PURSUIVANT.
OFFICER AND GUARDS.
LORD NORFOLK.
LORD SHREWSBURY.
RICH.
SOUTHWELL.
POOR PENSIONER

(*Enter* MORE *and* ERASMUS, *followed by* ARCHBISHOP WARHAM *and* BISHOP FISHER, *walking together*).

MORE. Is Chelsea as pleasant as of old, Erasmus?

ERASMUS. I think your house the happiest home in Europe, and the most refreshing to the mind. When I see you among your children, and your books, and your poor pensioners, I think I have found—what shall I say? a university of religion, a scholar's paradise! I think I have lit on that Utopia you despaired of discovering in this world. What a school of courtesy and peace is here!

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MORE. Dear Erasmus! Yet I am still a dreamer of dreams. I vow, could but three things be established in Christendom, I would be content to be crammed in a sack and tossed into yonder Thames.

ERASMUS. And those three things; may I learn them?

MORE. First, that instead of mortal warfare among Christian princes, there might be universal peace.

ERASMUS. We set a sail for Utopia! I would have them let each other's blood, so they left our new learning at peace. And the next thing?

MORE. Next, that these many heresies and errors which afflict Christ's Church might be rooted up and one concord of uniform faith prevail.

ERASMUS. I have heard, I think, something of your way with heretics. Have you not a tree in this garden at which you whip heresy out of them?

MORE. Speak not lightly of heresy, Erasmus; else you may hurt our old friendship.

(WARHAM *and* FISHER *have come up and are listening. The four make a group*).

ERASMUS. Then I am dumb, More. Tell us the third of your heart's wishes. Here is his Grace of Canterbury, and my Lord of Rochester would hear it too.

MORE (*turning to the Bishops*). You know it, my friends. You know well what lies nearest and heaviest on our hearts and consciences at this present.

FISHER. The King's divorce?

WARHAM. Would to heaven that this were settled justly!

MORE. You hear, Erasmus. If this were but well concluded, to the quieting of all parties, and to the glory of God, I would ask no more of this troublesome world.

WARHAM. Amen to that!

FISHER. God send us all a right judgment.

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ERASMUS. In especial I think, the King!

MORE. And a fearless mind, friends.

(*Enter in a flurry*, DAME MORE).

DAME MORE. Oh, Master More, was never such a coming and a going in your house as to-day. There is Master Holbein has drawn so living a likeness of Sir John, your father, that your daughters will never have done wondering at it, and your fool, Patteson, chatters quips, like an ape, and the linen not pressed, and the lavender all—

MORE. Take breath, Mistress Alice.

DAME MORE. You may well say Take breath! for now in comes my Lord and Lady Sandys—

MORE. Bring them out, bring them out.

DAME MORE. But that's not all, for my Lord of Shrewsbury is come too, and never a word do I get but this miracle of a portrait. Well, I will fetch them to you.

(DAME MORE *goes bustling away.*)

ERASMUS. So my friend Holbein finds favour?

MORE. He deserves it. He shall picture the grave heads and fair faces of England as no time was portrayed before.

(*Enter* DAME MORE *with* LORD *and* LADY SANDYS. LORD SHREWSBURY *follows*).

FISHER. My Lord Sandys and his lady greet us.

MORE (*to* SANDYS). Welcome: Welcome, Lady. And you my Lord Shrewsbury, welcome.

(*To* SANDYS). Well, neighbour, have you thought on that matter I spoke of with you? Will you exchange your manor of Chelsea for the King's manor of Mottisfont?

SANDYS. It is a generous exchange.

MORE. Which the King would not offer, did he not love you.

SANDYS. Well, I must be persuaded. I am loth to part from our Chelsea; but the King's favour is a great thing.

MORE. He loves you; and he loves Chelsea.

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(*The King's Music heard at a distance*).

SANDYS. Hark !

WARHAM. It is the King's music. We must bid you farewell, Sir Thomas.

DAME MORE. Now this caps all. His Highness' Grace's self! And my best crimson dress lying in the wardrobe.

MORE. Will you not go in, my friends, and be entertained, while I go to meet the King. My daughter Meg has a book to show you, Erasmus. I will be with you presently.
(*All except* MORE *retire. The* KING *appears: and* MORE *goes to meet him.*)

MORE. God save your Highness! Welcome to Chelsea.

KING. Since you come so unwillingly to Court, Mr. More, we must even come to you. Come, walk with me. This air of Chelsea and your fresh garden like me well.
(*The* KING *throws his arm round* MORE'S *shoulder and they stroll together.*)

MORE. We are poor courtiers, my trees and I ; yet we are glad your grace looks kindly on us.

KING. Tell me now hath Sandys consented? Shall this Chelsea manor be mine, and the King your neighbour ?

MORE. He is the King's good servant ; he consents.

KING. Excellent persuader of men ! By the mass, none in all my kingdom does me service so wisely and well as Thomas More. I have thought much of late of that matter you brought to so happy a conclusion at Cambrai. Shall it not be said that the King delights to honour a man so discreet, so witty, so fearless ?

MORE. Praise me not, your Highness ; for you know well, to suffer me serve England, this most honours me.

KING. Serve her you shall, and guide her too. I will have you shine in my realm, conspicuous for example. Nay, no words! I bring you to-day the Great Seal of England.

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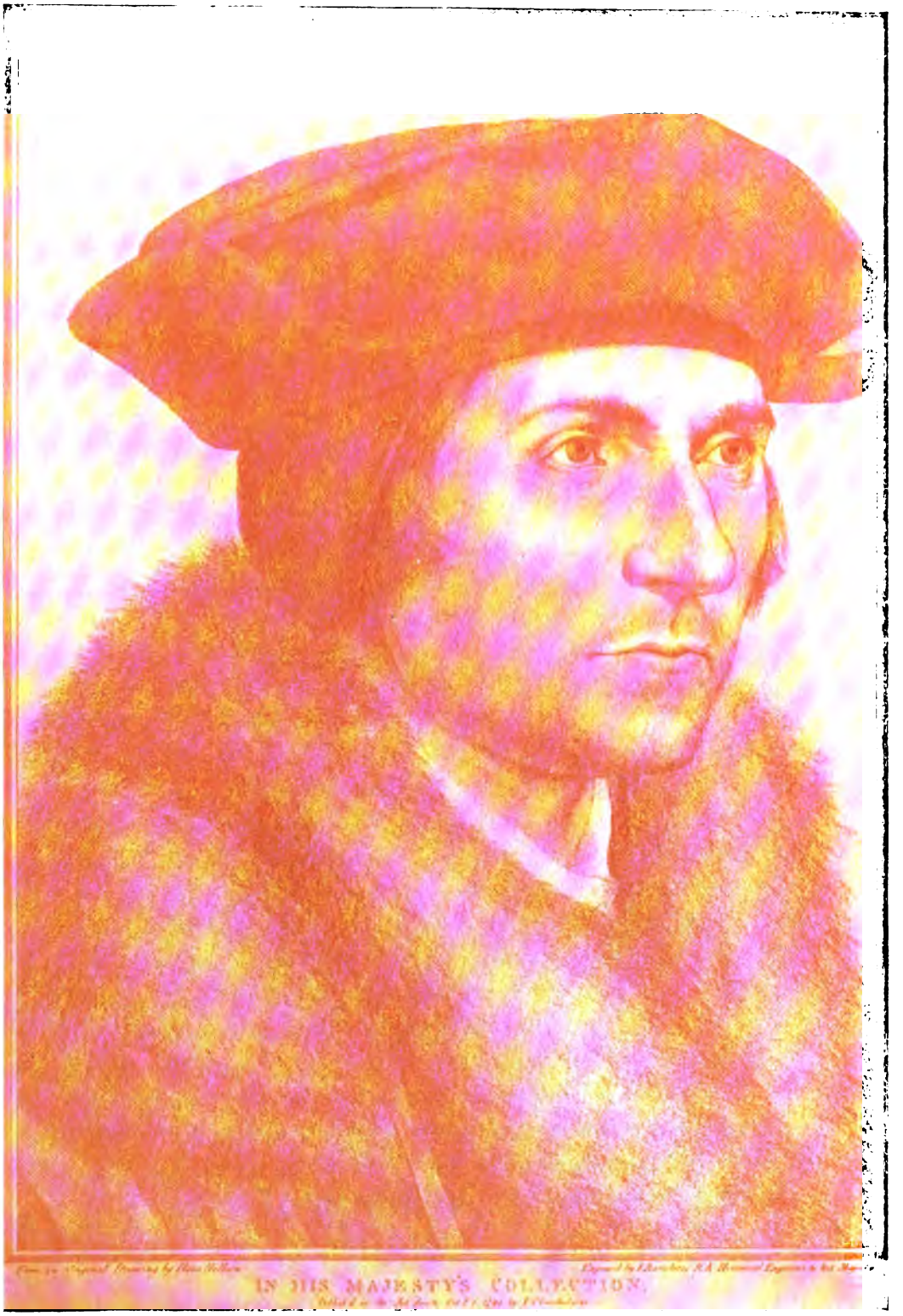

SIR THOMAS MORE.

(From the drawing by Holbein.)

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MORE. The Lord Chancellor, the Cardinal lives!

KING. Lord Chancellor no longer! Wolsey usurps. He treads upon my prerogative; he exceeds his office. Ay, he hath broken the Statute; he confesses it. I will have no two governments in England. The Cardinal grows too great. His impeachment is resolved.

MORE. Repent of this, Sir; think of his noble services. So great a man, and fallen!

KING. So proud a man, and fallen. No, I am fixed upon it. There is none but More can fill so great an office greatly. I know you are not arrogant, nor self-seeking. I need you; England needs you.

MORE. What England needs of me she shall have, even to the spending of my blood. Yet has your Highness considered, this office never yet was held by layman? Choose the Archbishop.

KING. He is too old. Come, make me no obstacles. Christ and His Church have no son more devoted than you. We will be of one mind together; shall we not, my Lord Chancellor? And for this matter of divorce, what irking scruple lingers in your mind, I doubt not, shall be cleared.

MORE. Your Highness I serve God first, and after him the King.

KING. The one service shall not hurt the other. Think on it, More. Now, my barge!

MORE. Will not your Grace stay awhile for refreshment?

KING. Another day. We are awaited. So, good day to my Lord Chancellor.

MORE. God prosper your Highness.

(MORE *accompanies the* KING *on his way, then comes back to meet his wife,* ERASMUS, SANDYS, SHREWSBURY, MARGARET ROPER, *and her husband.*)

■

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DAME MORE. Truly Master More, never was a man so honoured as to have his King's arm laid about his shoulder in so familiar a friendship.

ERASMUS. I rejoice that you are singularly esteemed: yet the King, I think, is honoured in his honouring.

MORE. If my head could win him a castle in France, it were off to-morrow. Well, my Lord Sandys, the King is pleased with you.

SANDYS. So I lose Chelsea for the King's favour. A bad bargain is it not friends? But had the King no favour for you, Sir Thomas, beyond his familiar conversation?

MORE. A great burden he will lay round my neck.

MARGARET. A burden Father?

MORE. Yes, Meg, a burden that is like to prove heavier even than that arm of his; even the Great Seal of England.

DAME MORE. The Lord Chancellor! And he told us not!

ROPER. Is the Cardinal fallen indeed?

MORE. So it is, alas! And after a man so magnificent, what shall I seem but a candle's shine when the sun is gone! —Go Meg, and bring my old father out, that I may have his blessing. Bring Master Holbein too.

(MARGARET *goes in and returns with* SIR JOHN MORE *leaning on a stick, followed by the other members of the household, who come out in twos and threes and group themselves round* SIR THOMAS *and his wife.* ERASMUS *stands apart with* HOLBEIN.)

DAME MORE. O the day! I shall never forget it.

MORE (*kneeling*). Father, your blessing!

SIR JOHN. Bless thee, my son, and prosper thee in this high office! Come, sit thou by me. Truly it is good that all thy family should be gathered about us on this day.

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ERASMUS. Here is Hans Holbein would make a picture of you all, to commemorate this day, and make live for after ages the family of More.

HOLBEIN. The thought came to me this instant, as your son and daughters came about you. Do you give me leave, Sir Thomas?

MORE. Happily thought of! It shall be done at your leisure, and ours. But now—

DAME MORE. Let us in to dinner.

(*All move away slowly, in groups.*)

SHREWSBURY. Now, Sir Thomas, all felicity! The Royal sun shines bravely on you. Greatness is yours.

MORE (*smiling*). Put not your trust in princes!

SCENE II.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S FAREWELL TO CHELSEA, 1534.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

(*Patteson seated under a tree.* MARGARET ROPER *and* CECILY HERON *sauntering together, each with a posy of flowers.* BESS MORE *and* ANN CRESACRE *also walk in the background.*)

CECILY. I'll match my posy against yours. See, I have clove-pinks, and gilliflowers, and the first white rose of the year, just opening to drink the dewdrops. Smell how sweet it is! But how sad a face, Meg, you put to my flowers.

MARGARET. I am oppressed; afraid.

CECILY. For our father?

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MARGARET. Yes, for our father. I am glad that the Great Seal has gone from his keeping; that he stands no more in the Cardinal's shoes. For the King brooks not opposition in a great office.

CECILY. Yet our father is loved by the King.

MARGARET. Does the King love any man? None that withstands his will. And the Queen, she is his enemy, his implacable enemy.

CECILY. Ah, that's true.

MARGARET. And this oath of the King's supremacy, he will never take it.

(The two pass by the tree where PATTESON *sits.)*

PATTESON. And why should he not take it, when I have taken it? Tell your father, Mistress Margaret, that he must come to his fool to learn wisdom.

MARGARET. His thoughts are not our thoughts, friend Patteson. I would not that his soul should stoop below its own greatness—and yet, the cost of it, the cost of it.

CECILY. Grieve not now, Meg, all may yet be well.

(Enter a Pursuivant.)

MARGARET. My heart misgives me, the hour is come.

PURSUIVANT. Greeting to you, ladies. I seek Sir Thomas More.

MARGARET. My father is within. What desire you of him?

PURSUIVANT. I come in the King's name to summon him to Lambeth Palace.

MARGARET. We will bring you to him. Oh, Cecily, my fear is come.

(The two sisters and the Pursuivant go off to the house. BESS *and* ANN *watch anxiously from a distance, then follow to the house).*

(Guards enter silently from the back.)

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PATTESON. Now if I dared, I would crack yonder gentleman's skull for him. For I see my dear master's head stuck upon London Bridge; that's the end of all true service. Why should not a poor addled head like mine content the King as well? A head's but a head, when all's said.

PATTESON (*now aware of the Guards surrounding him*). Stare you at me, my masters! Do you take me for a wise man, a danger to the State? I am not so wise as some, but not so foolish a fool, neither. Oh, I'll take all your oaths, so you take not me.

(*The Pursuivant re-appears, preceding* MORE *and* ROPER. MORE *and* ROPER *come to the front, walking slowly together.*)

PATTESON (*shaking his head*). My master's face is bright. That means bad tidings.

ROPER. Shall not your wife and daughter come with us to the waterside?

MORE. No, not to day. I thank my Lord, son Roper, the field is won.

ROPER (*puzzled, after a pause*). I am very glad.

MORE. You shall understand by-and-by. We must be gone. Farewell, my garden; farewell, Chelsea. (*Seeing* PATTESON) Farewell, my fool. Be merry, for a sad fool is a traitor to his calling: then your head will be in jeopardy.

(*As they are moving away, with the guards following,* MARGARET *escapes from the house, runs to them, and breaking through the guards, embraces her father. Then the little procession moves on and disappears.* MARGARET *is left looking after them.* PATTESON *retires to the background.*)

(*Enter from the house* DAME MORE *with* NORFOLK *and* SHREWSBURY.)

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DAME MORE. He will not listen, no, not to his own wife. What said I, are you accounted an eminent man of wisdom, and will not do what the Bishops and most learned men of the realm have done; and just for wantonness will risk life and liberty, said I, when you might be merry here in Chelsea, with your fair house and gallery, your library, your orchard, your garden, and your own wife and children? But he only smiled on me. One lodging is as nigh heaven as another, said he. Oh, I marvel at such fondness. And he smiled!

NORFOLK. I, too, have warned him, for I know the King's mood and your husband's peril. But by the mass, he made a jest of it. It is perilous striving with princes, I said, and bade him incline to the King's pleasure, for *Indignatio principis mors est*—said I.

SHREWSBURY. And what answered he to that?

NORFOLK. Is that all? said he. Then the difference is but this; that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow!

DAME MORE. Alas, his inflexible heart!

SHREWSBURY. Comfort, mistress. Your husband is summoned to Lambeth, but not yet to the Tower.

DAME MORE. Ah, would I could think his boat would come up Thames again, and not go thence down the stream.

SHREWSBURY. If it be to the Tower, still we may persuade him. Believe me, the King is loth to press this question against one he has loved well.

(RICH *and* SOUTHWELL *appear with a guard of soldiers*).

NORFOLK. The King's soldiers!

SHREWSBURY. And the King's solicitor!

DAME MORE. What more would they take, having taken my husband? Lord, save us! What a day of calamities! And to think of the times his Highness hath walked

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with my Lord in this garden, with his arm laid brotherly about his neck.

NORFOLK. Go within, Dame, and leave us to confront these gentlemen.

(DAME MORE *goes in, wringing her hands.*)

NORFOLK (*to* RICH). You come too late, Mr. Rich. Sir Thomas is gone to Lambeth.

RICH. I seek not him, my Lord, but I bear the King's commission; we must enter.

SHREWSBURY (*barring his way*). To what end, Sir? There are but weeping women within.

RICH. We must pass in the King's name. We have order to take possession of Mr. More's books and papers.

(RICH *and* SOUTHWELL *pass in*; NORFOLK *and* SHREWSBURY *follow. Meanwhile, a soldier has slipped a letter into* MARGARET'S *hand. She now opens it and reads it, as the soldiers pass on towards the house.*)

MARGARET. O my dear father! It is farewell, then; the last farewell. I knew it in my heart. (*Reading, and then looking up.*) But he is glad, he is glad to have had my arms about his neck this last time; glad that nothing could keep me from running to him so. I will not shame him.

(*A poor pensioner comes slowly towards her. At the same time* CECILY, BESS *and* ANN *come forward together from the back.*)

Here is one who has come to my father for comfort, and he is not here. Now, weak women though we be, we will not fail. Sisters, if our father is taken from us, let us do all things as he would have us do. We will keep honoured in Chelsea the name of Thomas More.

(MARGARET *supports the old pensioner's arm, and all pass within.*)

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NOTE TO EPISODE IV.

"I wish everybody good, and if this be not enough to keep a man alive; in good faith, I long not to live."—*Sir Thomas More.*

The march of history sweeps on, but to it in this episode is added a new interest: that of the home, the domestic life of Chelsea's greatest citizen, Sir Thomas More. Hans Holbein has drawn for us the patriarchal group all united beneath one roof. Quite unconsciously, Erasmus adds fresh colours to the picture.

"No wrangling, no angry word, no one idle. He loveth his old wife as if she were a girl of fifteen." Truly a domestic Utopia.

Turn to another picture. A bloated mass of corpulence. The blood of his wives and his people upon his hands; striding across the canvas in the well-known attitude. Harry, *Grace à Dieu.* Sir Thomas, a model of stern devotion to principle, fervent religion, courage, gentleness, good humour. Henry—pleasure-seeking, spendthrift, cruel, licentious, King indeed—but governing by the executioner.

These two had little in common; yet in a Chelsea garden, Henry walked, his arm about the neck of More.

Put not your trust in Princes.

Two grave questions arose. The divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and the supremacy of the King over the Church.

Would either have arisen had it not been for the good looks of Mistress Anne Boleyn? The tyrant must have his own way.

Wolsey has fallen, the Pope is set aside, and More must go. A mock trial, a dungeon, and the block. And that Chelsea home? Picture Dame More selling her very clothes to pay the charges of her husband's lodging in the Tower. Ten shillings a week, he being a knight, and five shillings for his serving man. What of his daughter Meg? When the Roper vault in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, was opened, a leaden box was found, and in it the shrivelled head which had disappeared so mysteriously from London Bridge. Who knows what that cost her?

Peace to the ashes, whether in Chelsea Church, where he designed them to lie, or St. Peter's-in-the-Tower!

FRANK STEVENS.

28th May, 1908.

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KING HENRY VIII.

MARGARET ROPER.

CECILY AND BESS MORE.

WILL PATTESON.

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EPISODE IV.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

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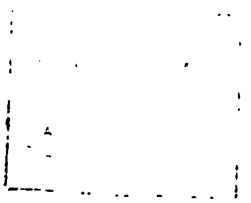

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Chorus: "Ey Flatterynge Fortune."

Words by Sir THOMAS MORE. Music by ERNEST BUCALOSSI.

Moderato.
Piano.
p
Ey..... for - tune
S.
C.
T.
B.
mf Flat-ter-ynge for - tune looke you nev - er so fayre, Nor nev - er
As though thou would -
so plea-sant-ly be - gin to smyle, As though thou..... would -
- est my Raynes all re - payre, Dare - ing my life thou shalt not me be -
- guyle.....
cres.

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Largo.
Trust I shall, God, to en-ter in a while, Thy
ff
ha-ven of Hea-ven sure and u-ni-forme, ... Ev-er af-ter the
rall.
calme, look I for no storme, Ev-er af-ter the calme, look I for no storme.
rall.

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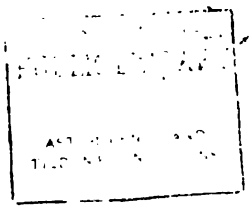

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UNDA. "The wrath of Kings is Death," old Norfolk cried,
But Chelsea echoes back More's nobler word:—
"Sonne Roper, I thank God, the Field is wonne."

TAMESIS. So Chelsea wins her Martyr; and his King,
Who made a Palace of her Manor House,
Dying, has left there, 'neath Queen Katherine's care
Anne Boleyn's daughter, and the Lady Jane,
Two children chessmen in that fatal game
Which Seymour played with Dudley for a crown
Till the last check was dealt by the headsman's axe.

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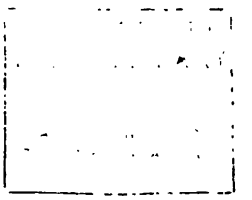

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FIFTH EPISODE.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND LADY JANE GREY AT THE MANOR HOUSE.
KATHARINE PARR INTERCEDING FOR SEYMOUR.

SIXTH EPISODE.

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF QUEEN ANNE OF CLEVES.

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EPISODE V.

BY

MRS. GEORGE CRAN.

(Opening Lyric by J. H. IRVINE).

How the Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey were pleasured in a Chelsea Garden; how Admiral Seymour and the Earl of Warwick spoke of the wedding of Guilford Dudley to the Lady Jane; how the Admiral tried to beguile the Lady Elizabeth; how the King and the Duke of Somerset discovered his treasonable purposes; how Queen Katherine Parr interceded for him; how the Princess Elizabeth was banished.

Dramatis Personæ.

LADY JANE GREY.

LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.

MUSICIANS.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

CATHERINE ASCHYLY.

SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR (HUSBAND OF QUEEN KATHERINE, AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND).

LORD DUDLEY, EARL OF WARWICK (LATER DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND).

GUILDFORD DUDLEY, HIS SON.

KING EDWARD VI.

KATHERINE PARR, LATE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

LADY WARWICK.

EDWARD SEYMOUR (DUKE OF SOMERSET, LORD HIGH PROTECTOR, BROTHER OF SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR).

(Scene, Garden of the Manor House at Chelsea: Enter R. CATHERINE ASCHYLY *with* ELIZABETH *who is playing with Jewel. Six ladies advance to meet them from left to centre, their hands full of flowers and sweet herbs;* LADY JANE GREY *carrying a book is with them. Singing as they advance, the ladies strew the seat with their herbs of grace. The children watch;* ELIZABETH *alertly, and* LADY JANE GREY *demurely).*

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SONG

HERBS OF GRACE.

In her bower of delight
  Dapple-flecked with umbrage fair,
Note ye well how sweet the sight
  When my lady takes the air.
Round her fairies unashamed
  Weave their mystic rite,
Fitly shall the place be named
  Bower of Delight.

Strew ye, Strew ye,
Daintily, daintily,
  Every herb of grace.
To hide from her sight
The things of the night,
  And make for her a fragrant place,
In her bower of delight.

Maiden thoughts and maiden dreams
  Shall attend our maiden queen,
Scarcely shall the noonday beams
  'Vail to pierce her leafy screen.
Zephyrs, laden all with balm,
  Round her hair shall play,
Yet before her royal calm
  Sigh themselves away.

Strew ye, Strew ye, etc., etc.

(*At the end of the song the children clap their hands delightedly.*)

JANE. 'Tis a sweet song; we thank you, ladies.

ELIZ. Thou art fond to offer thanks, chuck. It were better charge for me, who am a king's daughter.

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JANE. Pay thanks an you will be queen of the bower an it please you; let me but have this seat whereon to read.

(*Sits and takes up her ponderous volume*).

ASCHYLY. This talk is not fitting. There is no Queen here save Katherine the Queen and that is her seat. Come hence, my Lady Jane.

(JANE *hesitates*—ASCHYLY *advances and taking her by the arm dispossesses her of the seat. As she does so,* ELIZABETH *slips into it.* ASCHYLY *turns round and sees it.*)

Nay, my Lady Elizabeth, why take you what has been denied the Lady Jane.

ELIZ. For that I am stronger than she, and Queen Katherine says she believes I am destined one day to be the Queen of England.

ASCHYLY. Heaven forfend! and send His Majesty the King, thy brother, health and long life embosomed with great joys. Moreover, Queens,—aye and Maiden Queens,—lose their rights who dally with Sir Thomas Seymour. Methinks, my Lady Elizabeth, you do forget prudence. I am forwearied with warning you that prudence setteth up and folly casteth down.

ELIZ. And I weary of saying there can be no endamagement in gallantries that Katherine the Queen doth smile upon.

JANE. Nay, what need of choler? I'll to the shadows and play Persephone: in faith, 'tis a wider realm than this thy sunny bower.

(*Moves off, taking her book and retiring to a shady nook.*)

ELIZ. (*flinging her arms to the sun*). Aye, Queen of Hades, take you the things of the night. Thy daffodils are withered by the brook; and now on every hedgerow quickens the rose that is my sign.

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ASCHYLY. Vanity and vain words, my Lady Elizabeth, that may make green wounds in friendship. In such pretty wantonness lies hid the canker of a selfish soul, which maketh barren hours to those about thee, and is all hurtful to thyself.

(*During this speech* SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR *and the* EARL OF WARWICK *approach with* GUILFORD DUDLEY. *They are seen and are heard speaking before they come in sight of the group under the trees.*)

WAR. Nay, then, if report speak true, the Lady Elizabeth shows small disdain towards your gallantry, my Lord.

SEY. By God's precious soul but 'tis a slander. I have clipped and bussed her,—but merrily, I tell thee, merrily—and always when the Queen, my wife, was there. She is naught but a playmate.

WAR. Report doth say it is since ye cannot mate ye are content to play. But have a care the Queen hear not that ambition did make thee hope for the hand of the Lady Elizabeth before old love brought thee to King's Harry's widow.

GUIL. (*eagerly to Sey*). My mother saith you are lord paramount with all the ladies. Is that a goodly thing to be?

SEY. (*patting his head affectionately*). Thou wilt learn in time, my bawcock. Hast seen the Lady Jane of late? She should be somewhere hereabouts (*to Warwick*). Hast any thought to make a bridegroom of him yet?

WAR. Such schemes as I have would ill accord with thine, I fear, my lord.

SEY. (*hypocritically*). Your wishes are my pleasure, and my schemes must bend to yours.

WAR. A murrain on thy mocking tongue, which saying one thing means another. The old Admiral must vail his colours to the new.

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GUIL. (*pointing to group under the trees*). There is Mistress Aschyly and the Lady Elizabeth's Grace on a seat strewn with pied flowers.

(*Gives a little exclamation of joy and runs to the group which is sitting with* ELIZ. *in its midst. Halfway he spies* JANE *sitting alone, stands for a second, hesitates, then goes to* ELIZ. *and offers to embrace her. She repulses him haughtily; he then turns back to* JANE *who permits his embrace with candour.* SEYMOUR *and* WARWICK *advance slowly.*)

SEY. There shall be much ado for the Lady Jane. The Lord Protector and the Duchess of Somerset will do what they can to obtain her for young Hertford. Yet shall they not prevail therein, for the Marquis her father, has given her wholly to me upon certain covenants that are between us.

WAR. And it is your plan to give her to the king.

SEY. Words! Words! The Lady Jane, methinks, betrays some liking for thy son, and did I not bid thee count thyself my friend.

WAR. (*shaking off the touch and speaking mockingly*). Words, Words, Yet an thou beest so friendly help me to wed my stripling to thy ward.

(ELIZ. *catching sight of her guardian dismisses the ladies in waiting with an imperious gesture. They file off centre,* ASCHYLY *stands apart.* WAR. *goes to* JANE *and* GUIL. *who stand hand in hand.*)

WAR. (*to Jane*), Why 'tis as hard to part your hands as though you loved them clasped. (*Takes one on each side of him.*) Thy beamy eyes, sweet babe, are dear to dote on. They must not be derked with over study. A maiden's lore is found in lover's eyes as thou wilt one day surely learn.

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(*Putting an arm around each,* WAR. *wanders off with them in the wake of the ladies.* SEY. *advances gallantly to* ELIZ.)

SEY. How now, poppet? What boots this winter-bitten frown sith I am feeling kind? Come, be not as cold as yester eve, give me kisses and gloze thy dry disdain.
(*He holds out his hand.* ELIZ. *retreats.* ASCHYLY *at this juncture turns away, having watched them intently and goes out Left.*)

ELIZ. Thy kisses to the sward, and I will dance on them.

SEY. By my halidame, I'll teach thee other—Pride is a weapon sore to wield by hands so young as thine.

ELIZ. (*striking her breast.*) Teach me other? I would not tarry thy teaching but prevent it, and see the quarrel when thy teaching thwarts this blood that inly stings.

SEY. Brave wench . . . (*mockingly*) . . . who wears red to taunt her cheeks because they are so pale.

ELIZ. (*with all her vanity awake.*) 'Tis a fine gown and likes me well. Katherine the Queen saith it become me rarely, and she would not play me false i' the matter.

SEY. An ill-shaped gown, ill sewn, ill worn; and red is not thy most admired hue. A sorry picture thou to flaunt a kindly kiss.

ELIZ. (*sulkily*). What wouldst have me wear?

SEY. A gown of changeable pale, counterfeiting the moon-white of thy cheek, and wrought curiously i' the tinctured web; mark you, it must scarce glitter at the sun's fiercest ray; a gown rather to hint at radiance than hardily vaunt itself against thy complexion as this doth. (*Catching her robe contemptuously.*) Whereto now?

ELIZ. (*who has turned away in high dudgeon.*) I am away to untrim myself, sith it so mislikes thee.

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SEY. Oh, vain as well as proud. And all so young to boot. (*Holding out his arms and barring her way.*) A kiss before you go, or I will cut this gown, as I did the last, into an hundred pieces.

ELIZ. (*stamps her foot with rage, then holding out her hand says regally.*) Here is my hand. All England may kiss that.

SEY. Then I'll none of it. Thou dost mistake thine empery, wench. 'Tis o'er hearts not acres. Look you, a maid so pale does well to profit when a kiss comes by her way,—pride without much beauty is but folly,— and folly loves to dress in hasty hue. (*Gibing at her gown.*)

ELIZ. (*coldly.*) I am englutted of these courtesies. (*Turns away.*) I pray you let me pass.

KING EDWARD VI., QUEEN KATHERINE, LADY WARWICK, KATHERINE ASCHYLY *and the* LORD PROTECTOR SOMERSET *appear Left.*)

SEY. (*catching* ELIZ. *boldly by the arms.*) Nay, but a fee for passage.

ELIZ. My Lord, I understand you not; you treat me as a child and gibe at me, mislike my dress and my complexion, and anon you plead as it were lover-wise for the pasture of my lips. If I be child you have no need of my kisses; if woman, I should claim not gibes, but homage. Methinks you are an actor that hath but ill conned his part.

SEY. A shrewd guess and a shrewd thrust. Yesterday thou wert a child, to be clipped and chidden and cajoled. But 'tis a tricksy sprite, Dan Cupid; and his darts strike deeper than we know. *Thou* art not the child of yesterday;— and *I*, methinks, have played my lover's part too well. Ah! Bess! Bess! There is a fire in my veins and I am hungry for thy lips. If it be a part I will play it boldly; play it to the end!

(*The others have entered.*)

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SOM. Brother, the end is here. Methinks for an actor your art is false and you feel your part too well.

SEY. (*bowing profoundly.*) God save your Royal Grace.

SOM. (*violently.*) Have I not warned your Highness full oft that this vaulting ambition in my brother offers indignity to the throne and office of a King. Altho' he may be my natural brother I know him for a cockerel gamester, a caitiff filled with greed of power, who throws for dice his honourable privileges, and whose inordinate vanity is suffered at peril of your Grace's royal fame.

SEY. (*to the* KING.) By your Grace's leave, the Lady Elizabeth . . . .

SOM. Silence, my Lord. Thy words are forfeit of esteem, and this is too grave a matter for dalliance with such vain excuse as thou wilt surely proffer. Thou hast no advocate, and our eyes do witness against thee.

LADY W. Help! the Queen swoons.

QUEEN K. (*falling on her knees before the* KING.) *I swoon* for a Somerset! Nay, dear your Majesty, bend not your eyes so angerly upon my Lord and husband,—grant me a moment's patience; for he is most sorely wronged by a cruel brother, and your Royal ire. The Lady Elizabeth, my dear step-daughter and ward, has grown so close into our two lives that we have forgot, at times, she was not wholly ours to clip and cosset in a playful mood. Assuredly you wrong my lord when you accuse him of a worse intent than merry mischief in a merry hour. Bethink you of the love that has ever passed 'twixt your Highness, and me who am all humble at your feet,—now s my happiness shent, now are my joys destroyed by the very hand that gave them, unless you hold me honest and your last counsellor (*looking at* SOMERSET) galled, with spite.

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(EDWARD, *moved, raises her by the hand.*)

SOM. (*violently.*) If your Highness acquit my brother of worse than foolish play, still he has to answer for laying hands upon the sacred person of one allied unto the throne. (*Grimly.*) He is too merry, methinks, for so grave a privilege and fair a ward. Will your Majesty grant me a word?

(EDWARD *and* SOMERSET *withdraw together and* KATHERINE *turns to* SEYMOUR.)

KATH. O thou for whom I bent from my high estate. Have I but proved thee churlish of my love? I had liefer that my eyes had warmed to a less proper man, beneath whose rougher semblance beat a heart of faith and gratitude: then had my heart been saved this bitter wound.

SEY. (*downcast and a trifle bewildered by this sudden disgrace.*) Shrewd taunts, sweetheart, and if well deserved—why didst thou plead for me?

QUEEN K. I have not wholly learned to hate thee . . . yet . . .

(EDWARD *and* SOMERSET *approach*).

EDWARD (*to* ELIZ.) How now, sweet sister Temperance. Hast any wish in this matter?

ELIZ. (*curtesying.*) Your Highness' will shall whet my wishes.

(EDWARD *looks to* SOMERSET *as his spokesman*).

SOM. These dutiful words become your Highness well—'Tis his Majesty's pleasure that your Grace leave Chelsey forthwith for safer harbourage.

(ELIZ. *courtesies her assent to the* KING).

SOM. (*to* SEYMOUR.) On these terms hast though gained a pardon, brother, and hardly hast thou come by it, unworthy of all patience and ungrateful for all good. One more such trial and I'll not answer for thy life. See to it that thou failest not again in loving duty to thy wife and Queen

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for, by my soul, the day thou losest her protection, that day thy head sits unsteadily upon thy shoulders.

(SEYMOUR *bows rather mockingly.* ELIZ. *courtesies to her leave to* KATHERINE *who raises her and kisses her on the cheek*).

ELIZ. I am replete with sorrow to depart from your Highness.

KATH. (*simply.*) God save thee, child.

(ELIZ. *goes away with* ASCHYLY *and the* KING'S *party. As she joins them she turns to* SEYMOUR).

ELIZ. Fair my Lord, thou hast taught a maid a lesson this day, and I, which am slow to learn, am slow to forget. So well hast thou shown me the love a man may bear to his wife,—aye! tho' she yield a crown to wed him,—that I doubt me I will go virgin all my days.

(EXEUNT OMNES.)

NOTE TO EPISODE V.

BY MRS. GEORGE CRAN.

At the death of Henry VIII. Katherine Parr, his sixth and most fortunate Queen, succeeded to the Manor of Chelsea, and the comparative security of the title, Dowager Queen. Here she was wooed and won by that unstable and attractive courtier, Sir Thomas Seymour, who had been her admirer before her marriage with the King. She seems to have been a dignified and affectionate woman, and very much in love with her handsome husband. In their care had been placed the Lady Jane Grey (at this time eleven years of age), and the Princess Elizabeth, then about fifteen, with her nurse, Catharine Aschyly.

The episode opens with her nurse and two children in the garden of the Manor House, listening to the song of their ladies. When, at the end of it, Lady Jane takes upon herself to thank them, Princess Elizabeth rebukes her sharply, being haughtily aware of her own higher rank.

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QUEEN KATHARINE PARR.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

KING EDWARD VI.

KING OF ARMS, AND A MOURNER.
(FUNERAL OF ANNE OF CLEVES.)

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EPISODES V. AND VI.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

Shortly, enter Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England, with the Earl of Warwick (better known later as the Duke of Northumberland), and his son.

These two precious politicians engage in a lively discourse as to the disposal of the Lady Jane's hand, each concealing from the other his inward plot for taking the utmost advantage of the child's marriage,—Seymour planning her for the King, and Warwick for his son, the hapless youth who ultimately married her. By-and-bye, Warwick walks away with Lady Jane and Young Guilford Dudley, leaving Seymour alone with Princess Elizabeth. Then ensues a scene of boisterous love-making, in which Seymour discloses that though he has romped often with her in presence of Katherine the Queen, he is now growing more serious; upon his ardent words come his wife and the boy-king Edward VI., with Seymour's brother, the Lord Protector Somerset. The Protector, already very jealous of his brother, strives to make the moment his undoing, but Katherine generously intercedes, and wins his pardon, turning to him with pathetic and proud reproach, when they are alone. The Princess is ordered to leave Seymour's guardianship, and the Episode ends with her stinging words of disdain; and a hint of his ultimate fate on the block.

History has been but slightly twisted to suit the needs of Pageantry, in the main, closest accuracy has been preserved. Many of the actual lines occur in letters written by the characters who speak them; Aschyly's rebuke to the Princess for dallying with Sir Thomas Seymour is suggested by the record in the Burleigh papers, of an enquiry at a later date into the Seymour-Elizabeth affair, wherein are also mentioned the constant presence of the Queen, the "gown cut into an hundred pieces," and the final discovery of Seymour. This is where the Episode diverges directly from history, which makes the Queen discover him "in a chamber," with the reluctant Elizabeth in his arms; pageantry discovers him in the garden, and is also responsible for her dramatic pleading on his behalf. The plotting round the hand of the Lady Jane will be known to all present, as also probably the fact that Princess Elizabeth left Chelsea for Cheshunt, and that her departure was soon followed by the death of Katherine the Queen, in child-bed, and the execution of Seymour, who lost, with his wife, his most powerful ally.

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Trio: "Herb of Grace."

Words by J. HARRY IRVINE. Music by ERNEST BUCALOSSI.

Moderato.

PIANO.
mf
SOPRANO.
1. In her Bow - er of De - light, Dap - ple - flecked with um - brage fair,
2. Maid - en thoughts and maid - en dreams, Shall at - tend our maid - en queen,
MEZZO.
1. In her Bow - er of De - light, Dap - ple - flecked with um - brage fair,
2. Maid - en thoughts and maid - en dreams, Shall at - tend our maid - en queen,
CONTRALTO.
p
cres.
Note ye well how sweet the sight, When my la - dy takes the air.
Scarce - ly shall the noon - day beams, 'Vail to pierce the leaf - y screen.
Note ye well how sweet the sight, When my la - dy takes the air.
Scarce - ly shall the noon - day beams, 'Vail to pierce the leaf - y screen.
cres.
Round her fair - ies un - a - shamed, Weave their mys - tic rite,.....
Zeph - yrs la - den all with balm, Round her hair shall play, ...
Round her fair - ies un - a - shamed, Weave their mys - tic rite,.....
Zeph - yrs la - den all with balm, Round her hair shall play, ...

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Fit - ly may the place be named Bow - er of De - light.....
Yet be - fore her Roy - al calm, Sigh them-selves a - way.....
Fit - ly may the place be named Bow - er of De - light.....
Yet be - fore her Roy - al calm, Sigh them-selves a - way.....
Poco più mosso.
Strew ye, strew ye Dain - ti - ly, dain - ti - ly Ev - 'ry herb of grace....., To
Strew ye, strew ye Dain - ti - ly, dain - ti - ly Ev - 'ry herb of grace....., To
Dain - ti - ly.....
hide from her sight, The things of the night, And make for her a
hide from her sight, The things of the night, And make for her a
a tempo.
frag - rant place, In her Bow - er of De - light.....
frag - rant place, In her Bow - er of De - light.....

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TAMESIS. Ten cruel years sweep now across the scene.
Somerset, Dudley, Seymour, Lady Jane
Have all knelt to the block. Young Edward's dead,
Katherine is dead, and Popish Mary reigns,
While Death, her Chancellor, stalks through all the land.
Here, too, he comes, with pomp and pageantry
To Henry's exiled and deserted Queen.

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A DESCRIPTIVE NOTE.

TO our ancestors of mediæval England death was supremely a subject both of terror and of hope, and these two feelings are both found fully expressed in a funeral such as is simulated here. There are no heaped-up flowers—symbols of purity and innocence—no straining after inappropriate brightness or inopportune triumph, but only prayers that the soul of the departed and "all Christian Sowles" may find mercy and rest eternal.

All ranks and classes of the mourners are levelled in the presence of the great leveller by the use of the "mourning cloaks," which give to those who use them the semblance of members of some religious order or confraternity. The only colour is supplied by the heraldic "bearings" which speak, in a language then well "understandeth of the people," of the personality and status of the deceased.

Anne of Cleves died at the Palace or Manor House, Chelsea, 16th July, and was buried on the south side of the high altar at Westminster Abbey, on 3rd August, 1557, where her tomb may still be seen. More than one contemporary account of her obsequies is extant in which the state and order thereof is carefully noted, and has been, so far as circumstances permit, followed in our representation of this event. The Monks of Westminster; the canons, clergy, and choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, with the Abbot of Westminster and the Bishop of London; the thurifer with incense, the "Holy Water Clerk" with his vat and sprinkler; the members and officers of the household; the executors, the heralds bearing the banners of Arms, the banners of white taffeta (indicating that the funeral is that of a maiden), the great banner with the quarterings, "a banner of the Trinite," and "a banner of Saint George armyd"—this latter carefully reproduced from a contemporary sketch—the three crosses, with the funeral lights of yellow wax—all will be found in their proper places in the long procession. The catafalque with its sombre canopy and its black velvet pall, with "crosse of riche clothe of gold" marked thereon is the centre and climax of all this solemn parade; while for music there is the piteous "De Profundis," and the magnificent chant of the "Dies Irae"—both sung to the ancient "plain song." The "De Profundis" (Psalm cxxix.) is sung to the 2nd Tone. The Hymn "Dies Irae" is of the 13th century, probably by Thomas, of Celano, a Franciscan Friar; originally meant for private use, it was afterwards used as a "Sequence" in the Requiem Mass; the melody is taken from a 13th century manuscript at Naples. Slowly the procession passes by, the singing dies away, and the brief Episode is over.

G. AMBROSE LEE.

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EPISODE VI.

By G. Ambrose Lee (*York Herald of Arms*).

The Funeral Procession

of

Anne of Cleves,

from the Royal Manor House, Chelsea,

3rd August, A.D. 1557.

Two Old Men, A Cross Bearer, Choir Boys, Choir Men Cantors, A Cross Bearer, Clergy of St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Luke's, Chelsea, A Verger, Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral, Thurifer and Holy Water Clerk, A Cross Bearer with Two Acolytes, Monks of Westminster Abbey, Master of the Ceremonies, The Abbot of Westminster, attended, The Bishop of London, attended, Two Chief Mourners, The Executors (*Sir Edward Peckham and Sir Richard Preston*) Two other Mourners (*the Lord Admiral and Lord Darcy*) Mourners, The Great Banner of Arms, Gentlemen of the Household, The Banners of the Blessed Trinity and St. George, Garter King of Arms (*Sir Gilbert Dethick*).

THE BIER,

borne by Eight Bearers, under a Canopy with the Arms of the deceased Princess: the Coffin covered with a Pall of black velvet ensigned with a cross of cloth of gold, on it the Coronet, on either side two Pall Bearers (called in mediæval times, "Assistants to the Corpse"), Torch Bearers, The Heralds bearing Banners of Arms, between the Banners of white taffeta (indicating that the funeral is that of a maiden), and, after the Bier, The Chief Mourner (*Lady Winchester*) between Two Supporters, her train borne by a Lady, Ladies of the Household, Servants, Nuns, attending the "lying in state" of the Princess.

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TAMESIS. 'Tis darkest before dawn. Within the year
Our Princess of the Manor House was Queen
And England blossomed, glorious as her rose.
To that great blossoming Chelsea bore her flowers,
For here, 'neath Dacre's hospitable roof
Sackville brought England's drama to the birth.

UNDA. Here dwelt bold Effingham, the Spaniard's bane:
Sweet Spenser, wandering westward from the town
"Along the shore of silver streaming Thames"
Found his Alcyon and Ambrosia here,
Whilst Fletcher, to his Beaumont yet unknown,
Dreamed his Philaster in our Chelsea fields.

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SEVENTH EPISODE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH WATCHING THE MASQUE OF THE FAERIE QUEEN.

TENTH EPISODE.

GEORGE II. AT RANELAGH. THE TWO HEIDEGGERS.

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EPISODE VII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM'S, 1592,

BY

MRS. EDWARD O'NEILL,

INCLUDING

THE FAERY QUEEN MASQUE, BY MISS HAWTREY.

How Queen Elizabeth revisited the garden of her childhood; how Lord Howard of Effingham received her with all honour; how the poet Spenser brought to her the news of the completion of the Faerie Queen; how the children told its story in a masque.

Dramatis Personæ.

A STEWARD.	JOHN FLETCHER.
SERVANTS.	HALBERDIERS.
LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM.	SWORD OF STATE.
LORD BUCKHURST.	QUEEN ELIZABETH.
THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.	LORD BURLEIGH.
LADY DACRE.	LADIES IN WAITING.
SIR FRANCIS BACON.	SIR ROBERT CECIL.
LADY HOWARD.	EARL OF LINCOLN.
EARL OF ESSEX.	SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
EARL OF SHREWSBURY.	EDMUND SPENSER.
GUESTS OF LORD AND LADY HOWARD.	CHARACTERS IN THE MASQUE OF THE
ARTHUR GORGES.	FAERY QUEEN.

Procession 1, UNA AND THE LION.
" 2, THE MAGIC GLASS, OR BRITOMART.
" 3, THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.
" 4, THE HOUSE OF HOLINESS.
" 5, PASTORELLA.
" 6, THE QUEST OF SIR GUYON.
" 7, THE CUP OF FRIENDSHIP.
" 8, ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.
" 9, GLORIANA.

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SCENE—THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL HOWARD'S *garden at Chelsea Manor. Enter* SERVANTS *who place a bench and cover it with drapery under the direction of the* STEWARD.
Enter LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM, LADY HOWARD, THE EARL OF ESSEX, LORD SHREWSBURY, LORD SOUTHAMPTON, LORD BUCKHURST, SIR FRANCIS BACON *and* LADY DACRE *and other* COURTIERS *and* LADIES.

HOWARD. See my friends, they prepare a garden throne for our glorious Sovereign, Elizabeth, the Queen. Our house was never honoured till to-day.

SOUTHAMPTON. Are our Chelsea bells to ring their peal of welcome, my Lord Howard?

HOWARD. Order hath been taken for such a greeting; and Steward, take good heed that no offence shall meet her eye. No crooked, deformed, or uncouth person cross her path.

STEWARD. Thy will is done, my lord.

The SERVANTS *go out,* HOWARD *goes up the stage with the* STEWARD, *giving further directions. The guests scatter about the garden.* LADY HOWARD *and* ESSEX *are left.*

LADY HOWARD. My Lord of Essex, why so monstrous grave?

ESSEX *(smiling).* My sins, fair lady, lie like lead upon me.

LADY HOWARD. Grave matter, truly. One sin, I'll twit you with. You court too openly my Lady Sidney. The Queen mislikes it.

ESSEX. Mere idle gossip madam.

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LADY HOWARD. There's danger in such a rumour. Elizabeth's hand is white and smooth, but for so small a one it falls with monstrous weight.

ESSEX. I laugh at woman's blows. And if the Queen should strike me—see, on my finger, from her fair white hand, I carry respite even from the axe. (*Shews Queen's ring*).

LADY HOWARD. My lord, my lord, put not over much trust in such a talisman, for it may fail you in your hour of need.

ESSEX. If that black day should ever come to pass, you shall deliver this and prove its power.

During this Dialogue other guests have been arriving, and greetings have been exchanged between those present and the new comers. HOWARD *now comes forward with* BUCKHURST, *and the children taking part in the masque enter centre and group themselves right.*

BUCKHURST. Who are these pretty mummers ?

HOWARD. 'Tis festival time with us to-day, and I have a masque toward. It shall bring to the Queen's notice a great man too long unknown, I mean our Edmund Spenser.

SOUTHAMPTON. You have done well my lord, to favour "Colin Clout."

The Chelsea bells peal out.

HOWARD. Hark to the signal ! Our gracious Queen approaches. God save the Queen. God save the Queen.

All the assembled guests uncover and fall on one knee, as they take up the cry, "Oh, happy time, Oh joyful day." ELIZABETH *enters preceded by* HALBERDIERS *in scarlet and carrying gilt partizans with which they form a path through the onlookers. A crimson sword of state is carried before the* QUEEN. OLD BURLEIGH *walks on her right hand carrying a long white staff.* LADIES *and*

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COURTIERS *in black and white follow. Louder shouts of "God save the Queen, God save the Queen."*

ELIZABETH (*graciously.*) Nay—God save you, my people.

HOWARD. Humbly we greet your Majesty to Chelsea.

ELIZABETH (*giving her hand to kiss.*) We thank you Howard. Much of our early life was spent in this very garden, and we love to note how little hath changed with the passage of the years.

ESSEX. To a divinity a thousand years are but as yesterday.

ELIZABETH *(pleased.)* Be not profane. Burleigh, do you mind that day some years agone how near we were to drenching in Church Lane, but a loyal tree spread its mighty boughs above us and kept us dry-shod till the storm blew past?

HOWARD. Its fame still lives. The country people call it the "Queen's Elm."

SOUTHAMPTON. Ay, Madam. Chelsea is as loyal as she is fair.

ELIZABETH. 'Tis a goodly place. My Lady Dacre, Burleigh casts greedy eyes on *your* dwelling. Burleigh sleeps not o' nights for coveting your house.

LADY DACRE. Then gladly I bequeath it to my lord. I have no son to claim it.

BURLEIGH. Tut, tut, madam. Her Majesty loves jesting. I could not think—

ELIZABETH. Press him—he'll take it.

LADY DACRE. It shall be as I have said. May you live long to enjoy it.

ELIZABETH. Cogs bones, sir, 'tis a fair bit of property to live for, and I think you owe me some thanks.

Courtiers all laugh, in which LADY DACRE *joins, but* LORD BURLEIGH *looks rather self-conscious.*

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ESSEX (*aside to* LADY MARY HOWARD *who has entered with the* QUEEN.) Would I might live for you alone.

LADY MARY. Methinks, sir, one were scarce enough to occupy your time.

ESSEX. What mean you, fairest lady ?

LADY MARY. Are there not many for whom alone Lord Essex lives. I would not claim one little hour in so strenuous a life.

ESSEX. Nay then, I swear by all—

ELIZABETH. What do you swear? Leave that to me, my man, I like not such philandering fiddle sticks. When your Queen is by, your eyes should be for her alone.

ESSEX. Mere mortals cannot gaze upon the sun without being blinded.

ELIZABETH. Fine words, my lord, fine words. And as for you, you baggage, I'll no more show you any countenance but out on such ungracious flouting wenches. Go, get you to your place among my maids. Ah, Shrewsbury, how is it that your lady comes not out to greet us? Do you still play cat and dog? Oh, marriage, marriage, when Bess of Hardwick cannot subdue her fourth husband. By Harry's soul we would have crushed the second, but were wiser than to wed the first.

Enter RALEIGH *and* SPENSER. *They bow to the* QUEEN.

HOWARD (*presenting them.*) Sir Walter Raleigh needs no presentation (*Raleigh kisses her hand, she tickles his neck*), but here, madam, is a subject yet unknown to you, our poet author of the Fairy Queen—Master Edmund Spenser.

ELIZABETH. Nay, nay, we know this nightingale. We promised him our patronage, but Cecil here bade us defer the proposed payment of an hundred pounds, till reason suggested a more suitable sum.

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SPENSER. Gracious Majesty. Will you permit me to present to my Lord Treasurer this humble petition to awaken his memory.

ELIZABETH. Aye, do so, good Spenser, (*to* BURLEIGH) read it.

BURLEIGH (*reading*). "You bid your treasurer on a time,
To give me reason for my rime.
But from that time till this season,
I have had nor rime nor reason."

(BURLEIGH *crushes the paper angrily—all laugh.*

ELIZABETH. A hit—a fair hit.

(FLETCHER *and* GORGES *advance to the* QUEEN, *kneel, present her with a programme.)*

ELIZABETH. Who are these youths?

HOWARD. This, madam, is the son of Bishop Fletcher.

ELIZABETH. Body o' God, a bishop's son, (*angrily*) We love not married bishops. Nay it scarce seemeth decent to us. And now I mind me, his mother was one of the precious deputation that smirked and clamoured to be made "My Ladies." Ladies, forsooth, I told 'em I could never make *them* ladies. May God make 'em good wives, say I (*more gently and amused at her own jest*), Well, well, he's a comely lad, And the other?

HOWARD. 'Tis Arthur Gorges, madam,

ELIZABETH. A pretty youth enough. I like him well. And their purpose here?

HOWARD. If your Majesty pleases, we would show you in a masque, embodied by these children, the forms and characters of the Fairy Queen.

ELIZABETH. We thank you. Let them approach.

(HOWARD *leads the* QUEEN *to a seat, her* COURTIERS *crowd around her, and the* HALBERDIERS *form up at back*).

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QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM.

EDMUND SPENSER.

LADY MARY HOWARD.

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EPISODE VII.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

PROCESSION I. (Book I., Cantos i., ii., iii.)

UNA AND THE LION.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT	*St. George on War Horse.*
UNA	
ARCHIMAGO	*A Magician.*
SANSLOY.	*A Paynim Knight.*

A DWARF, A LION, BANNER BEARER.

This is the Red-Cross Knight with shield and lance,
Beside him Una, victim of mischance;
That dwarf her servant is, who lags behind,
And this false Archimago, who divined
How he might compass ill, and by his art
Fair Una from her Trusty Champion part.
Behold the Lion, by her beauty quelled,
Who licks her feet, his greedy rage dispelled.
Now Archimago meets her in the guise
Of Red-Cross Knight, and in her cause defies
Sansloy the Paynim, but is killed and lo!
Una is taken captive by his foe.

ELIZABETH. Yon paynim knows the way to court a maid.

PROCESSION II. (Book III., Cantos i., ii., iii.)

BRITOMART, OR THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Dramatis Personæ.

BRITOMART	(*in armour and helmet*) *on white pony.*
HER NURSE	*An old Woman.*
MERLIN	*The Magician.*
ARTEGALL	*A Savage Knight.*

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BANNER BEARER.

Now famous Britomart, a Royal maid,
Doth as a knight in armour come arrayed.
Her nurse as squire disguised bears in her hand
The wondrous spear that none could e'er withstand.
She saw in magic glass a face she loved
And Merlin bade her seek until she proved
The Mirror's truth, and after many a day
A Savage Knight there came that barred her way.
They fought, till, lo, her helmet doffed revealed
To Artegall, the maid her garb concealed.
And straight they knew that Fate had set apart
Each to bring gladness to the other's heart.

ELIZABETH. Come, Spenser, knew ye any maid could fight so well?

SPENSER. All England knows one, madam, and in her they put their trust.

PROCESSION III. (Book I., Canto iv.)
THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

Dramatis Personæ.

LUCIFERA — *A maiden Queen, proud and disdainful. In her hand she holds a polished mirror.*

DUESSA — *The False.*

VANITE — *A young and gentle Usher.*

SIX COMIC COUNCILLORS, SATAN, ST. GEORGE, SIX BEASTS, BANNER BEARER.

Lucifera, who made herself a queen,
In royal robes and glistering gold is seen.
Her six sage Councillors six beasts do ride
That draw her coach; her home the House of Pride.

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Thither the Red-Cross Knight is lured, and he
Is ushered in by gentle Vanity,
While false Duessa leads him through the crowd
Of courtiers, to Lucifera the proud.
There for a space by falsehood's wiles betrayed
The Red-Cross Knight the guest of shame is made.

The Councillors are:—Idleness, Gluttony, Lechery, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath.

ELIZABETH. 'Tis an ill Queen that hath such servants.

BURLEIGH. Ay, madam, and methinks we know of such.

PROCESSION IV. (Book I., Canto x.)

THE HOUSE OF HOLINESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

DAME CELIA — *Comely Matron, sage and aged.*

FIDELIA, SPERANZA, CLARISSA — *Her Daughters.*

AN OLD HERMIT, LITTLE CHILDREN, UNA, ST. GEORGE, DWARF, BANNER BEARER.

Now after much adventure, strange and dire,
Is Una re-united to her Squire;
And brings him to the House of Holiness
Where grave Dame Celia rules in Righteousness.
Behold her daughters three; in lily white
Fidelia, and Speranza is she hight,
Arrayed in blue, while fair Clarissa she,
Whose babes do climb about her merrily.
This venerable Hermit, holy sage
Called Contemplation, victory doth presage

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Unto the Red-Cross Knight whom he doth name
Saint George of England of all-glorious fame.

HOWARD. See madam, our champion comes from the House of Holiness.

ELIZABETH. We like it well.

PROCESSION V. (Book VI., Cantos ix., x., xi. & xii.)

PASTORELLA.

Dramatis Personæ.

PASTORELLA	*A Shepherdess Princess.*
SIR CALIDORE	*A Knight.*
THE LORD OF MANY ISLES	*Claribel's Father.*
CLARIBEL	*Pastorella's Mother.*
MELIBOEUS	*An old Shepherd.*
CORYDON	*A young Shepherd.*

A ROBBER, A SEA CAPTAIN, SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES, A TIGER, BANNER BEARER.

Fair Pastorella was esteemed to be
Old Meliboeus' child, and ardently
Of Corydon, a shepherd, was adored.
Now Brigands, for their wickedness abhorred,
Kill Meliboeus, capture Corydon
And Pastorelle, but scarcely are they gone
When good Sir Calidore rides to her aid,
And from the robber saves the gentle maid.
And lo! it is revealed that Pastorelle
The daughter is to lovely Claribel,
Whose father was the Lord of many Isles,
And so no lowly taint her birth defiles.

(A Dance.)

ELIZABETH. They dance it featly.

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PROCESSION VI. (Book II., Cantos i. & vii.)

THE QUEST OF SIR GUYON.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Guyon	*A Knight.*
Mammon	*The Money God.*
Philotima	*Mammon's Daughter.*
An Old Palmer	*A Black Friar.*

Care, Pain, Strife, Revenge, Despite, Treason, Hate, Jealousy, Fear, Sorrow, Shame, Horror, Banner Bearer.

Lo, Mammon, God of Worldlings, who doth reign
In darksome regions underground, where Pain
Sits by the way, and close beside him Strife;
One waves a whip, and one a bloodstained knife.
See Mammon's daughter, Philotime doth hold
Ambition's chain, devised of shining gold.
The dread attendants these of Mammon's state,
Cruel Revenge, Despite, heart-burning Hate,
And faithless Treason; he, who seems to brood
In sullen silence, seeking solitude,
Is Jealousy, and this uneasy form
Driven to and fro as by some inward storm
Is Fear; sad Horror next, beating her iron wings,
And after her close-shrouded Shame, who brings
Sorrow; and he who comes with mien distraught
Is haunting Care, consumed with anxious thought.
Noble Sir Guyon by the golden store
And Philotime's charm is tempted sore
But strengthened by the Holy Palmer wise
He doth resist and Mammon's power defies.

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PROCESSION VII. (Book IV., Canto iii.)

CAMBELL AND CANACEE.

Dramatis Personæ.

CAMBINA.
PRIAMOND.
DIAMOND. } *Three Brothers.*
TRIAMOND.

THE THREE FATES, CANACEE, CAMBELL, TWO LIONS AND CHARIOT, BANNER BEARER.

Three brethren here: each in his turn doth stand
To war with Cambell for his sister's hand.
When two are slain, the Fates by their decree
Give to the third the strength of all the three.
Long do they fight and each in turn succumbs
When lo, by lions drawn a chariot comes
And fair Cambina of the magic cup,
Bids them to drink and heals the quarrel up.
So Cambell, Canacee, and Triamond
Are re-united all in Friendship's bond.

ELIZABETH. One up, t'other down. 'Tis very like the life.

PROCESSION VIII. (Book I., Cantos viii. & xi.)

ST. GEORGE & THE DRAGON.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUESSA — *A Witch.*
PRINCE ARTHUR — *The Ideal Man.*
GIANT ORGOGLIO, ST. GEORGE, DRAGON, UNA, DWARF, BANNER BEARER.

In durance vile, St. George, the Red-Cross Knight,
Was held by Giant Orgoglio, from which plight

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He was by Arthur, Prince of Men, set free ;
And Una brought to light the falsity
Of vile Duessa, who in woeful shame
Fled to concealment thither whence she came.
And now St. George his lady bids retire
To safety, while he meets in combat dire
The dreadful Dragon, who with brazen scales
And waving wings, the Red-Cross Knight assails,
Hurling his tail and breathing fiery breath,
But great St. George undaunted, deals him death.

ELIZABETH. After the slaying of the dragon, what more can remain ?

SPENSER. Your patience, madam, there is but one greater thing, the coming of Gloriana.

ELIZABETH. What's she ?

SPENSER. The fairest, wisest, and most powerful Queen that ever reigned, to whom all must do homage.

PROCESSION IX.

THE COMING OF GLORIANA.

A little child dressed just like the grown Queen.
The characters group round her and sing.

Dramatis Personæ.

GLORIANA. FOUR HALBERDIERS. BANNER BEARER.

Fairest, wisest and most powerful Queen that ever reigned.

(*She enters, carried in a palanquin, preceded by a song of joyful welcome. All the preceding characters gather round her and do her homage.*)

(*A Ballad is sung.*)

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"Why do you boast of Arthur and his knights,
Knowing well how many men have endured fights
For beside King Arthur and Lancelot du Lake,
Or Tristram of Lionel, that fought for ladies' sake,
Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the Dragon made to flee.
St. George, he was for England, St. Denis was for France.
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense."
Hurray, hurray, hurray.

ELIZABETH (*rising*). Howard, we thank you for your pretty anticke. Spenser, we thank you too and one day we will read your poem. Also we'll jog our treasurer's memory. The hour grows late apace and shadows thicken. Good-night to all (*gives hand to* HOWARD). Good-night, old sea-dog bulwark 'gainst the Dons. My maids—to horse.

(*Chorus for all*) God bless your Majesty (*as* QUEEN ELIZABETH *exits*).

NOTE TO EPISODE VII.

BY REGINALD BLUNT.

The Manor House which is the scene of this and of the two preceding episodes, was built by Henry VIII., and occupied a site not far from the river bank, and between the present Nos. 26 and 16, Cheyne Walk. Edward VI. granted the Manor to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and Jane, his Duchess, whose funeral, as well as that of Queen Anne of Cleves, took place from here. Elizabeth subsequently leased the house to Sir Edward and Sir John Stanhope, and very shortly afterwards it was again granted to Catherine, Lady Howard of Nottingham, the lady to whom, as the episode forecasts, Essex sent the Queen's ring after his commitment to the Tower, and whom Cecil prevented from delivering it.

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GLORIANA.

ST. GEORGE, UNA, AND THE LION.

EPISODE VII.

CHELSEY REACH BOY AND GIRL.

OLD SOLDIER.

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EPISODE VIII.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who figures in the group assembled to meet the Queen, was brother of Lady Dacre, author of the introduction to the "Mirrour for Magistrates," and of the earliest English blank verse tragedy, "Gorboduc." He it was who announced to Mary Queen of Scots, her death sentence, and who afterwards presided at the trial of Essex.

The "Queen's Elm," where was a turnpike at the top of Church Lane and Duke's Walk, is mentioned in the Church Books of 1586; and it appears from the Cadogan Records that one Bostocke erected an arbour around it at the charge of the parish.

Anna Sackville, Lady Dacre, whose beautiful tomb, and that of her husband, Gregory Fiennes, Lord Dacre of the South, stands against the south wall of Chelsea Old Church, lived and died at More's House (subsequently Beaufort House). She was the foundress of Emanuel Hospital, Westminster, and, as we see, devised her Chelsea property to Lord Burleigh.

The sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, at whom, as Bess of Hardwick's fourth husband, the Queen aims so shrewd a jibe, occupied a magnificent house which stood just west of the Manor House and Winchester Palace, and between the Magpie Inn and what is now Upper Cheyne Row. It is possible that Mary Queen of Scots, who was under his custody for fourteen years, was at one time an occupant of this house. The Earl quarrelled with his wife, who was jealous of the Queen prisoner, and when Elizabeth gave him a command in Lancashire, he thanked her for ridding him of "two she devils."

Young John Fletcher—afterwards Francis Beaumont's famous collaborator—was a younger son of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London, whose second marriage led to his suspension by Queen Elizabeth. The Bishop lived at the Arch House on the river bank at the bottom of Church Street; and it was here that, having pacified the indignant Queen, he had a door and stairway made for her reception direct from the Royal Barge.

The other "pretty youth," Arthur Gorges, was the "Alcyon, the jollie shepheard swaine, that wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce," of Spenser's "Daphnaida." Gorge's house stood just west of, and nearer to the river than Sir Thomas More's house, where Beaufort Street now runs.

The site of all these famous old Chelsea houses will be found marked in red on the map at the end of this book.

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"Pastorella" Dance.

ERNEST BUCALOSSI.

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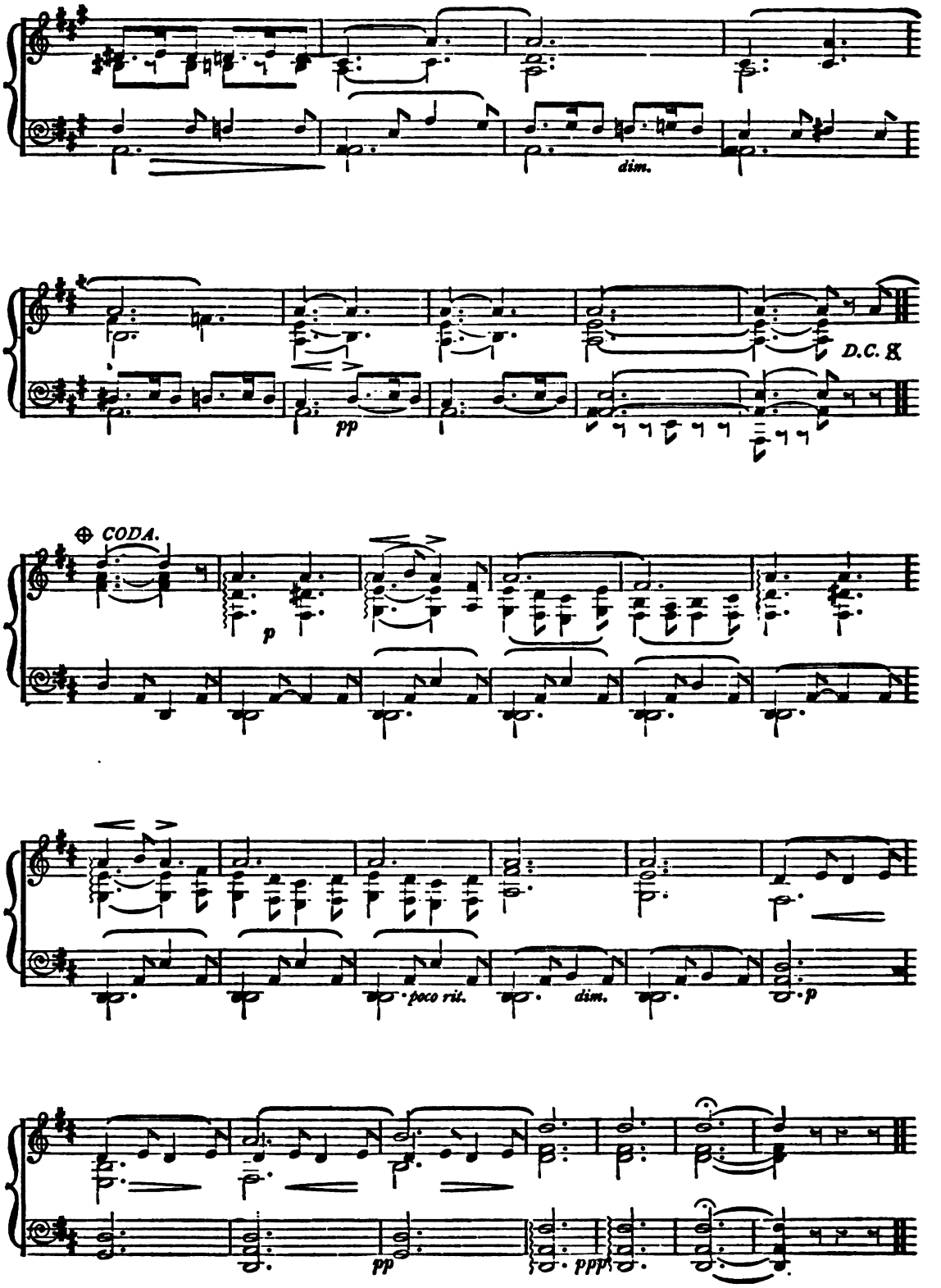

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Song to Queen Elizabeth.

("FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.")

MUSIC BY
ERNEST BUCALOSSI.

Voice.
Piano.
mf
Thou di -
- vi - nest, fair - est, bright - est, Thou most pow - er - ful maid and whi - test. Thou most
p
vir - tu - ous and most bless - ed, Eyes of stars and gold - en tress - ed, Like Ap -
- pol - lo: tell me, sweet - est, What new ser - vice now is meet - est? Shall I
cres.

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catch thee wan - ton fawns or flies, Whose wo - ven wings the sum-mer dyes, Of ma - ny
col- ours? Get thee fruit, Or steal from Hea-ven, and Or-pheus' lute? All these I'll
ven - ture for and more. To do her ser - vice all these woods a - dore.
rall.
rall.

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Tournament.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

MUSIC BY
ERNEST BUCALOSSI.

Voices.
Con moto.
Piano.
mf
p
mf
1. Ah! why do you boast of Ar - thur and his Knights,
2. Saint Da - vid of Wales, the Welsh-man must ad - vance, Saint
Know-ing well how ma - ny men, have en - dur - ed fights, For be - sides King Ar - thur and
Jacques of Spain that nev - er yet, nev - er yet broke lance, Saint Pa - trick of Ire - land which
Lan - ce - lot du Lake, Or Tris-ten - ol of Li - on - el that fought for la - dies' sake,
was Saint Geor-ge's bay, Sev - en years he kept his horse and then stole him a - way, For

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Read in old his-tor-ies and there you shall see, How Saint George, Saint George the Dra-gon
which kna-vish act as slaves they do re - main. But Saint George, Saint George the Dra-gon
boldly.
made to flee. Saint George he was for Eng - land, Saint
he hath slain.
f
Den - is was for France, Sing Ho - ni soit qui mal y pense.
D.C.

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UNDA. Twelve more rich years our great ELIZA ruled
Ere CHELSEA's bells her funeral sadly tolled.
TAMESIS. Next came Scots JAMES, pedantic, cunning, vague,
Whilst CHELSEA caught my salmon—and the Plague.
UNDA. Then ruled sad CHARLES, to thwart whose royal whim
'Twas CHELSEA gave the Parliament "King Pym."
TAMESIS. When the doomed Prince pressed on where fate [forbode
To Edgehill field, from CHELSEA, ESSEX rode.
UNDA. And when with Rupert northward swept the war
CHELSEA sent Manchester to Marston Moor.
TAMESIS. When to the axe, England, her King consigned
'Twas CHELSEA's Danvers the dread warrant signed.
When the Protector barred the Commons' door
'Twas CHELSEA housed his prisoners of war.
UNDA. See now at length the second CHARLES restor'd;
To CHELSEA throng fair Lady and gay Lord.
Here lovely Robartes and gay Mazarin dwell
And here behold we "pretty witty NELL."

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EIGHTH EPISODE.

NELL GWYN PERSUADES CHARLES II. TO FOUND CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

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EPISODE VIII.

CHARLES II. FOUNDS CHELSEA HOSPITAL, 1681,

BY

ARTHUR COCHRANE.

How plans were made for the Soldiers' Hospital at Chelsea; how the King came to see his meadow of Thames Shott; how Sir Stephen Fox begged in vain; how Chelsey Reach was danced before the King, and the wit of Nell Gwyn succeeded where arguments had failed; how the King granted permission for the building of the Hospital.

TOWNSFOLK.
PURITANS.
AN ORANGE GIRL.
SIR STEPHEN FOX.
SAMUEL PEPYS.
SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.
DUKE OF ORMONDE.
DUCHESS OF ORMONDE.
LORD ROBARTES.
LADY ROBARTES.
LADY SUNDERLAND.
JOHN EVELYN.
MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.
LADY BRISTOL.
VISCOUNT NEWHAVEN.
WILLIAM CHEYNE.
DUCHESS OF MAZARIN.
THOMAS WHARTON.
EARL OF LINDSEY.
ST. EVREMOND.
EARL OF CARBERY.
CHARLES II.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
CHELSEY REACH DANCERS.
AN OLD SOLDIER.
NELL GWYN.

(Enter SIR STEPHEN FOX, SAMUEL PEPYS, *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.*)*

SIR STEPHEN FOX. Our good friend here, Mr. Pepys—he speaks with special knowledge of the circumstances, Sir Christopher.

MR. PEPYS. Your plans for an Hospital should be drawn on a very vast scale. Two ship-loads of soldiers have but lately come into port from Tangiers—wounded and fever-stricken. No man could see them without pity These poor fellows die by the score.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. You speak of my plans, Mr. Pepys, —'tis a useless bad plan that lacks a site.

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SIR STEPHEN FOX. How of this land?

MR. PEPYS. 'Tis a fine piece, but the King has given it to the Royal Society.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. Nay, he did give it but it has been re purchased, and it is here we have a mind to build our Hospital, given we can get it from the King.

MR. PEPYS. You then and Sir Christopher are here of a purpose?

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. Yes, Mr. Pepys, of a purpose—to inspect and—

SIR STEPHEN FOX. And to beg; and we've an advocate.

MR. PEPYS. Who's he?

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. Nay, 'tis not a man. 'Twas for Mistress Nell I drew these plans.

MR. PEPYS. Good! Good! And the King himself should be here.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. Aye, and he would be, did he but know what a power of beauty comes to sun itself even now.

(*A party is seen arriving.*)

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. Why, who have we? You know the gay world of fashion, Mr. Pepys?

MR. PEPYS. My Lord Duke of Ormonde—and (for a wonder) his Duchess, Lord Robartes and his Lady.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. Mr. Evelyn and My Lady Sunderland.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. The Marquis of Worcester.

MR. PEPYS. And Lady Bristol. Lord! what a marvellous fine company.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. And Lord Newhaven and that boy of his are here.

Enter DUKE OF ORMONDE, DUCHESS OF ORMONDE, LORD ROBARTES, LADY ROBARTES, LADY SUNDERLAND, MR. JOHN EVELYN, MARQUIS OF WORCESTER *and* LADY

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BRISTOL, *from another direction*, VISCOUNT NEWHAVEN *and* WILLIAM CHEYNE. *Many of them exchange stately courtesies.*

MAR. OF WORCESTER. Good day to you, Sir Stephen.

VIS. NEWHAVEN. Chelsea air is the fashion.

DUKE OF ORMONDE. And to crown the fashion comes the King

(*In the distance the King's Barge is seen arriving.*)

MR. PEPYS. Fortune smiles on you Sir Stephen.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. Let us press our cause.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. If we have an opportunity.

VIS. NEWHAVEN. What cause?

SIR STEPHEN FOX. Come, and we will explain.

(*A group of which* FOX *and* WREN *are the centre go aside in conversation.* WREN *is seen pointing to the site of his proposed building. The others stand watching the* KING'S *barge approaching. From it then enter the* DUCHESS OF MAZARIN, THOMAS WHARTON, EARL OF LINDSEY, ST. EVREMOND, EARL OF CARBERY *and others with* KING CHARLES II. *and the* DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.)

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH. And this is your Majesty's holding in Chelsea? It is a fair place.

ST. EVREMOND. Now graced by a fair company.

CHARLES (*looking at the* DUCHESS.) Nature and art, St. Evremond. 'Tis the oldest of contrasts.

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH. Your Majesty is the fountain of justice; to which side doth your verdict incline?

CHARLES. Come: we will do it in form. State trials are the fashion. (*Goes to bank of turf.*) Here's Nature's woolsack, and here Art shall find her throne. (*Bidding the* DUCHESS *be seated.*)

(*During this speech the boys and girls, who are to dance in Chelsey Reach, have come on, and* VISCOUNT NEWHAVEN *after speaking with them approaches the* KING.)

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CHARLES. Ah! Cheyne, we need you. The matter baffles St. Evremond and myself to tell the Duchess here whether for lasting pleasure, Nature or Art should bear the palm. You, Cheyne, shall be Nature's advocate.

CHEYNE. And yet, with your Majesty's leave, I have a witness here for Art. Chelsea would fain show your Majesty that she knows how to entertain a king.

CHARLES (*looking at the dancers.*) But these are Nature's beauties.

CHEYNE. Ready, if your Majesty so wills, to show their art.

(*The music strikes up, and the girls and boys dance Chelsey Reach. The Courtiers crowd round behind the* KING *to watch. Among the crowd at the back of the stage has entered an old soldier, and before the applause with which the dance is greeted is finished, he begins to sing.*)

SOLDIER. When all thy friends be dead and gone,
And all thy foes be slain,
What joy is left to think upon,
What victory to gain?

CHARLES. Lord preserve us! Is that Mr. Shadwell a-giving tongue?

(*He turns and watches the singer.*)

SOLDIER (*continuing.*) Small cheer may faithful service bring;
Honour and glory fade;
Now Death alone, the sovereign king,
Doth wait to be obeyed.

CHARLES. Odd's fish. What a dismal song, and yet he asks for alms. (*Searching his pockets vainly.*) Borrow a crown, Buckingham, and send him away.

(*Soldier turns away, and is going when he meets* NELL GWYN *who is entering, and speaks with her.*)

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BUCKINGHAM. Yours is the only crown, sire, and money is scarcer than kings.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. (*To the* KING.) It is for these and the like I beg your Majesty's interest.

CHARLES. Nay, nay. I'll not support such canters. My soldiers should be as ready to lose their legs as my ministers are prone to lose their heads.

SIR STEPHEN FOX. Then why not a pension for both, Sire?

CHARLES (*turning the subject.*) Why, yonder stands Mistress Gwyn. Go, Buckingham, bid her speak with me.

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH (*rising*). Shall we walk to the river bank?

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND (*indicating the Chelsey Reach dancers.*) With all this play-acting about, methought we should soon smell the orange-peel.

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM (*looking at Nell.*) Nay, there is charity there. Let's try some of it on our side.

(*The Court group all move away right.* NELL GWYN *goes up to greet the* KING.)

NELL. You bring me from my friends.

CHARLES. Friends?

NELL. My friends and yours. They have fought for you and were wounded.

CHARLES. You smile on them and they forget their wounds.

NELL. Nay, they forget nothing. They remember that they have served your Majesty, and now they starve.

CHARLES. Who knows? Their snivelling song smacks of Noll's camp rather than mine. Leave such begging to Sir Stephen.

NELL. What did he ask?

CHARLES. This land.

NELL. And got?

CHARLES. Not so much as a promise.

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NELL. Ah, promises. What of the land for my summer-house?

CHARLES. Well, I will find you a parcel.

NELL. In Chelsea?

CHARLES. If that will please you best.

NELL. And of what size?

CHARLES. Just as much as your pretty kerchief can encompass. (*Nell has been furtively beckoning* SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN *to join the group.* CHARLES *looks up and sees him.*)

CHARLES. Ah. Sir Christopher, we have building a-foot. Come here and be witness to a contract.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. What contract, your Majesty?

CHARLES. It seems that in a moment of generosity—

NELL. Say, rather, in your Majesty's natural mood.

CHARLES. I promised Nell here a parcel of land, and I am inclined to pay the debt. It is to be just as much as her handkerchief can cover.

NELL. Can enclose.

CHARLES (*repeating*). Can enclose. You have a lawyer's love for a word.

NELL. And a lawyer's skill in using it. Now look you here. Enclose; it is the finest point (*taking out her kerchief.*)

CHARLES. A lawyer's point?

NELL. Nay, lace point. See, I unravel it. It measures nigh on four miles.

CHARLES. Stop! I have not so much in Chelsea. I will compound.

NELL. And I will be moderate. It was this field here I had in my mind.

CHARLES. Well, it will save it from Sir Stephen.

NELL. And Christopher here hath the plan of my summer-house. (*Wren nervously unfolds the plan and shows it to the King.*)

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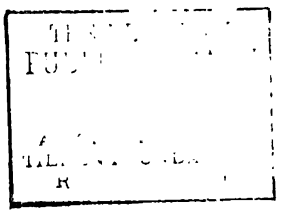

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CHARLES II.

NELL GWYN.

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

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EPISODE VIII.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

CHARLES (*half angrily*). What is this? King Charles' Hospital?

NELL. And Nelly's pleasure house. Oh! Sire, say that you approve.

(*Fox and others have gathered round.*)

CHARLES. Stephen! Stephen! I knew you for a fox, but for Nell to show such cunning! Well, well, wit and a woman were ever too strong for me. Here, take your plan and my consent. (*To the Court party.*) Mesdames and sirs, I relieve you from your attendance. (*Turning to Nell.*) It will cost a pretty penny, this summer-house of yours.

NELL. It will repay. There your old soldiers, who remembered England in the day of battle, will not be forgotten in the day of peace.

CHARLES. Tell that to my Lord Bishop of Winchester, Nell. It will do for his Sunday discourse.

NELL. Nay, we will have no sermons. This is a day of joy. Have we not danced to do you honour?

CHARLES. And the King must pay the piper, eh, Nell?

GENERAL EXIT.

NOTE TO EPISODE VIII.

BY REGINALD BLUNT.

The bare facts as to the College and the erection of the Hospital are as follows:—

Founded as a College of Controversial Divinity by Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter (1609), it was called "King James' College at Chelsey," and continued under Featley as Provost; having decayed for lack of funds, and been sold by Parliament among forfeited lands (1654), it was eventually granted by Charles II. to the Royal Society (1667); found unsuitable for them, and resold to the

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King for £1,300 (1681), it having been utilized in the interim as a Prison for Dutch captives. The Episode indicates the principal promoters of the Hospital scheme, and also embodies the delightful legend of Nell Gwyn's share in its fulfilment.

The following brief notes on the characters, in the order of their appearance, may be of interest.

Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster-General of the Forces (an office out of which he amassed a considerable fortune) was, with Pepys and Evelyn, the prime mover in the scheme for the erection of the Hospital, and contributed largely towards it.

Samuel Pepys, the famous Diarist, was, as Secretary to the Admiralty, specially interested in the Hospital, the buildings having been used for the confinement of Dutch and French naval prisoners of war.

Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, planned the Hospital somewhat on the lines of the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris. Its dignity is obtained by simplicity of design and excellence of proportion.

James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, Commander-in-Chief and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, married the Duke of Beaufort's daughter, who later occupied a house in Paradise Row.

John, Lord Robartes, Lord Privy Seal, and Earl of Radnor, lived at Danver's house (near Sir Thomas More's house). Letitia, Lady Robartes, Radnor's second wife, figures in the Grammont Memoirs as the object of the Duke of York's admiration. After Lord Radnor's death she married Lord Cheyne.

Lady Sunderland was daughter of George Digby, second Earl of Bristol and his Countess, who lived in More's house.

John Evelyn, virtuoso and secretary of the Royal Society, keenly interested in the Hospital plans, also engaged by the Countess of Bristol to sell More's house to the Duke of Ormonde.

Henry, Marquis of Worcester, afterwards first Duke of Beaufort, bought Sir Thomas More's house in 1682, when, after great alterations, it became "Beaufort House."

Charles Cheyne, Viscount Newhaven, purchased the Manor of Chelsea from the fortune of his first wife, Lady Jane, eldest daughter of the first Duke of Newcastle, whose tomb and statue by Bernini are on the north wall of the old church.

The Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the great Cardinal and favourite of Charles II.'s Court, had a house in Paradise Row, where ombre and basset were much played, and where her old admirer Charles de St. Evremond assisted in the production of Italian Operetta.

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Thomas (afterwards Lord) Wharton, married a grand-daughter of Sir John Danvers, lived at Danvers House, and wrote "Lilli-Burlero."

Robert Bertie, third Earl of Lindsey, rebuilt Lindsey House, Cheyne Walk, about 1675.

John Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, the buccaneer Governor of Jamaica, and one of Charles's roystering intimates, lived at Gough House (now the Victoria Hospital).

Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, whose influence kept Charles dependent on France, was the ancestress of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon.

Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, whom the last named lady supplanted in the Royal favour, had at one time a house in Chelsea; and was mother of Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland.

Eleanor Gwyn, orange girl, and afterwards comedienne of Drury Lane, successful rival of the Duchess of Portsmouth in the King's affections, which she retained till his death, was mother of the first Duke of St. Albans; and "pretty witty Nell" was enshrined in popular esteem by her good nature and unaffected ways. Her mother appears to have had a cottage somewhere near the Hospital lands, and Nell herself is believed to have lived for a time at Sandford Manor House (near Chelsea Station).

Note on the Dances.—The old English dances are taken from Playford's *The Dancing Master*, 2nd edition, 1652.

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UNDA. So fair is Chelsea's fame, so pure its air
E'en Charles and Nell work nought but good deeds here
Here came the Courtiers of poor James' reign,
The wits and literati of Queen Anne.

TAMESIS. Shaftesbury, Wharton, Stepney, Steele and Gay,
Hoadley and Atterbury, Banks and Ray,
Kneller, Arbuthnot, Mead and Swift and Cope,
Orford and Addison, Hans Sloane and Pope,
Here each and all foregathered at the Swan
Or quaffed the famous punch-bowl of the "Don."

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SIR HANS SLOANE.

THE DUCHESS OF ORMONDE.

JOSEPH ADDISON AND SIR RICHARD STEELE.

COURT LADY OF THE PERIOD.

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EPISODE IX.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

EPISODE IX.

THE INSTITUTION OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE IN 1714.

By Alfred Cochrane.

How Mr. Salter became Don Saltero; how politics were argued in a tavern garden; how Sir Hans Sloane made a deed of gift of the Physick Garden to the Society of Apothecaries; how museums were discussed; how the news of the death of Queen Anne was brought to Chelsea; how Doggett founded his Coat and Badge.

(N.B.—This Episode is given as written; the acting version is somewhat curtailed.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Two Servants.
Patrick.
Salter.
Three Musicians.
Narcissus Luttrell.
Admiral Sir John Munden.
Dr. King, Rector of Chelsea.
Jonathan Swift.
Dr. Hans Sloane.
Dr. Arbuthnot.
Dr. Atterbury.
Bishop Trelawny.
Richard Steele with his Two Daughters.
Joseph Addison.
Lord Wharton.
Duchess of Buccleugh, Widow of James, Duke of Monmouth.
Duchess of Ormonde and her Daughter.
Watermen.
Doggett, the Actor.

Scene. *The Garden behind the Coffee-House of* Mr. Salter *in Danvers Street, Chelsea.* Salter *is a local character, combining in himself the offices of dentist and barber. He has also a taste for collecting valueless curiosities to which he amuses himself by assigning fictitious names. Though of Irish extraction, he prefers to assume a Spanish title, and his house is known as* Don Saltero's. *It is the favourite resort of all who are anxious to hear the current gossip of the moment. The present moment is an anxious one, for the date is Saturday, the 30th of July, 1714, and news of the hopeless character of the Queen's illness has just reached Chelsea. Public men are much concerned as*

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to what is going to happen, and as to how it will be most politic for themselves to act, for the succession is not quite a settled affair.

Some prominent Chelsea inhabitants enter: DOCTOR KING, *the* RECTOR, MR. NARCISSUS LUTTRELL, *a virtuoso with a fondness for book collecting, and* ADMIRAL SIR JOHN MUNDEN, *who has lived a life of retirement since, thirteen years before, political jobbery removed him from the Navy. They are followed by* SALTER, *the proprietor of the tavern, who directs two servants to deposit on a table at the back some cases containing curiosities.*

LUTTRELL (*to the* RECTOR). Have you further news of the Queen, Dr. King?

KING. None since last evening, Mr. Luttrell. But I hear that the stroke was an apoplectic one, and the physicians give small hope. These late anxieties have tried Her Majesty's health sorely.

MUNDEN. I make no doubt of that. Your scheming Whigs and Tories, with their plots and tricks, are enough to kill any man, let alone a woman. Why, when my case was being taken, and the court-martial acquitted me—aye, sir, they acquitted me, I tell you——

KING (*checking a narrative with which custom has made him familiar*). Ah, Sir John Munden, you have justice on your side. Certainly, sir, certainly. I was saying that but for the Queen's illness Dr. Hans Sloane would have been here this afternoon. You know, gentlemen, that he has but just bought our Manor of Chelsea. A worthy man is Dr. Sloane, and one who should make a kind neighbour and landlord.

SALTER (*coming forward and joining them*). Asking your pardon, gentlemen, I am bold to say that Dr. Sloane is the greatest living collector of strange and valuable things.

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MUNDEN. Not so great as yourself, I vow, Don Saltero. Why, you reign as our most famous citizen in Chelsea, since the *Tatler* gave you an essay all to yourself and your wares.

LUTTRELL. And since the *Weekly Journal* gave to the world your poetry.

KING. Poetry, eh?

SALTER (*modestly, clearing his throat*). The invitation flatters me beyond measure, sirs. This is a proud moment.
(*Before anybody can interfere he has entered upon a recitation of his verses, while the others examine the cases indifferently. As he concludes*)
Something in Mr. Pope's fashion, eh, your reverence?

KING. We seem to have an abundance of writers in the parish. The air of Chelsea inspires men of letters. There was Dr. Swift——

SALTER. I'm glad he has left us, anyhow. A churlish fellow that, saving your presence, gentlemen. He lived across the road in Church Lane, and not a groat of his did I ever see. A snarling rogue, who was for ever talking sedition to Bishop Atterbury. Thank heaven, both of them are gone—the one to make mischief in Rochester, and the other in Ireland.

LUTTRELL. But Doctor Swift has been in London this summer, though he has not visited his old acquaintances in Chelsea.

SALTER. Well, well, gentlemen, I stand aside from parties.

MUNDEN. You serve everybody, Don Saltero.

SALTER. I serve all who ask me, Admiral, and can pay.

LUTTRELL. Yet that is no inexact description of the party men, is it?

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SALTER (*his attention diverted by the rapid arrival of* PATRICK, *a servant*). Why, what is it, man? (*To his companions*). He was with Dr. Swift, once, and was wise enough to leave his service for mine. What is it, Patrick?

PATRICK. None other than my late master, Dr. Swift himself. He stands outside in the street as if awaiting someone. (*As* SWIFT *enters*) Let me go (*he goes out*).

KING (*approaching* SWIFT). Good day, Dr. Swift (*bowing to him*). Have you come from London, and do you bring us news?

SWIFT. Your servant, sir. But I came hoping to hear news. I have been in the country, and was summoned suddenly to town. My friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, has sent me a message to say that Dr. Sloane and himself will call here this afternoon on their way from Kensington Palace. I shall use the occasion to discuss matters of State. The times are critical, and a man needs to walk warily.
(*Enter* SLOANE *and* ARBUTHNOT. *All crowd round them*: SWIFT *takes* ARBUTHNOT *aside*—SLOANE *and* KING *are joined by* SALTER.)

KING. This, Dr. Sloane, is a grievous interruption to your private business.

SLOANE. Aye, Rector, when I have the leisure there will be much here to engage my attention. (*To* SALTER) Good day, Salter, have you anything new to show me?

SALTER. Nothing worthy of your honour's notice, I fear. My latest discoveries are on yonder table (*indicating the cases of curiosities*).

SLOANE. You have the true spirit, Salter. We collectors ride our foible to extremes. Often imposed upon, we are never discouraged. Why, sir, (*turning to* KING) I verily believe my ardour grows with the years. It is my pur-

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pose to gather together valuables, strange objects, bric-a-brac and nick-nacks, so that one day my collection may be worthy of the nation's keeping.

LUTTRELL (*joining them*). I trust you will include rare books in it, Dr. Sloane.

SLOANE (*politely*). Had I your learning in such matters, Mr. Luttrell, I would do so and willingly. But my tastes lie in somewhat different directions. There is a point on which I would gladly speak with you, gentlemen.

KING. Certainly, sir, our opinion is at your service.

SLOANE. It is about the Physic Garden, now leased to the Society of Apothecaries. Desiring to encourage the study of botany, I purpose to make that garden over to the Society, under conditions, in perpetuity, if you think such a gift would be welcome.

KING. I have no doubt of it, sir. They would highly esteem your munificence.

DR. ARBUTHNOT (*approaching*). I fear that we must depart, Dr. Sloane. I know well how much there is to occupy you here, but we must return to Kensington.

SWIFT. And you give us but little hope of Her Majesty's recovery?

ARBUTHNOT. Scarce any, Doctor. It is only a matter of a few hours more at most.

SLOANE. Then, farewell, gentlemen (SLOANE *and* ARBUTHNOT *go*).

LUTTRELL (*to* SWIFT). And this is your first visit to Chelsea, Dr. Swift, since preferment took you to Dublin a year back? You find us but little altered.

SWIFT. The town grows ever more popular, I am told, nor do I wonder at it. I cherish pleasant memories of Chelsea, and of my lodgings in Church Lane. The daily exercise of walking to London was of benefit to me: it was two miles exactly to Charing Cross. And then the bathing in

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the river on hot summer evenings, with Patrick to guard my clothes. Your famous Chelsea buns, too, which I could not eat, though I tried valiantly.

KING (*innocently*). We have another literary celebrity in the parish to-day. Mr. Steele has lately come to live here.

SWIFT (*annoyed*). Steele—Dick Steele here! Ah, we were friends once, but not now. The emptiest of Whig rascals, that—— Do you recollect that worthless nonsense of his, the *Crisis*, and my answer to it? (*angrily*) Why, sir, his career is ruined—look you——

LUTTRELL (*venturing to interrupt*). Well, well, Doctor, we know little of political matters here, and chance upon unlucky allusions innocently. (*Changing the subject with tact.*) Now, Dr. Atterbury is still a friend of yours, surely?

SWIFT. He is. I asked for him this morning, but was told he was waiting on Dr. Trelawney at his neighbouring palace. I wish much to see him.

LUTTRELL. Here then is your opportunity, (*As the two Bishops in question enter and greet* SWIFT *with effusive astonishment*) Oh these politicians, with their Tories and Whigs, their High Church and Low Church. How is it possible such subjects can interest anybody?

ATTERBURY. Will you come with us next door, Dr. Swift? We have affairs of moment that must be debated in secret. (*They go out whispering.*)

SALTER (*pointing after them*). Thank heaven for that relief. I had rather they made mischief under any roof but mine.

MUNDEN (*rising from chair at back of stage*). Did I hear you speak of Steele, Mr. Luttrell? Is that Mr. Richard Steele? I know his writings, and have often laughed over his *Tatler*.

LUTTRELL. The same. He has the pleasantest wit, whatever his politics may be.

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SALTER. He is like to be a safer neighbour, in my view, than schemers like those who were here a moment ago.

(*Enter* STEELE, *with his two daughters.*)

KING. Why, here is Mr. Steele himself. Welcome, sir. Let me present my friends, Mr. Luttrell and Admiral Munden, Chelsea worthies like yourself. We were just speaking of you.

STEELE. Not unkindly, I trust. Your servant, gentlemen (*bowing*). My errand to-day is a purely domestic one, for I am taking these two little maids to put them to school with Mrs. Nazareans, of Blacklands Farm.

KING. Certainly.

STEELE. On my way thither I stepped in here to see the curiosities. I hope that Don Saltero (*turning to him*) has amended some of his names, and that—what was it?—the hat of the chambermaid of the sister of Pontius Pilate has been re-named in a manner more in keeping with its appearance.

SALTER. I grieve that you should doubt the genuineness of that relic, Mr. Steele, pleased though I was with your compliments.

STEELE. I am of an incredulous nature, Don Saltero. But my two comrades, Lord Wharton and Mr. Addison, should be here soon. They walked with us, but were so busy arguing about politics, that they fell behind.

LUTTRELL. Politics again: we are never free of them.

MUNDEN. Nor likely to be in Don Saltero's Coffee House.

(*Enter* LORD WHARTON *and* MR. ADDISON. *The others salute.*)

KING (*doing the honours*). Welcome, Mr. Addison. You are no stranger to Chelsea. (*To* LORD WHARTON). And you, my Lord Wharton, while Danvers House was still standing, were one of our most illustrious citizens. (*They bow.*)

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WHARTON. That was some years since, Rector, and we grow no younger.

STEELE. We hear bad news from the Court. (*To* WHARTON) And afterwards, my Lord?

WHARTON. Who knows? Yet events move swiftly; and at least we are rid of Oxford and Bolingbroke—we have advised the Elector, and troops have been drafted into London.

MUNDEN. This must be good news for our plotters next door.

WHARTON. What do you mean, Admiral?

STEELE. He means that Dr. Swift and Dr. Atterbury were here a moment since, and are now behind the wall composing, doubtless, despatches to St. Germains.

WHARTON (*picking up a stone*). Let me drop a stone on their pates.

ADDISON (*holding his arm*). Come, my Lord, enough said. We need not invite all Chelsea to our counsels. Besides, look, here are ladies.

(THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH, THE DUCHESS OF ORMONDE, *and one or two other ladies-in-waiting enter. Servants enter with wine in silver cups for the gentlemen.*)

DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH. Pardon us, gentlemen (*curtseying to them*). We came to see Mr. Salter, and to hear if any tidings had arrived from Kensington Palace.

SALTER (*coming forward*). None yet, your Grace. (*To servant*) Bring tea for their Graces.

DUCHESS OF ORMONDE. It is an affair of moment to us. We came to Chelsea in search of houses, but hearing of Her Majesty's illness, our anxiety brought us here. I am dreadfully put about (*fans herself*), these political differences, you know.

DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH. To me they are nothing but memories. These last thirty years I have taken no part in public affairs. (*To the* DUCHESS OF ORMONDE) You have still yours to play.

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(*The servants now bring tea on a tray and the ladies take a cup each. At this juncture* MR. DOGGETT, *the actor, enters. He loses no time in taking a goblet.*)

DUCHESS OF ORMONDE. Who is this strange gentleman, Mr. Salter?

SALTER. This is Mr. Doggett, your Grace—a frequent visitor here.

DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH. So I should judge.

DOGGETT (*addressing the company cheerfully*). My ladies and my lords, your most obedient to command. I rejoice to be able to give you a toast—The Protestant Succession.

LORD WHARTON. What a singular fellow!

DOGGETT. I drink to King George, who will certainly be proclaimed (*empties his cup*).

STEELE. The deuce you do! (*They hesitate.*)

DOGGETT. I take time by the forelock, as perhaps you notice (*fills his cup again*). I mean to commemorate this auspicious moment. I shall give my coat (*here he puts down his cup and taking off his coat, displays it*) as a prize for a race for the watermen on the river. There is a noble notion, gentlemen; it will make my name immortal. In every pocket shall be a guinea and on every button the horse of Hanover. Fine fellows, the watermen, and a fine King, King George (*he drinks again*). Here's his health.

ADDISON. I approve your zeal, Mr. Doggett, but I do so with a sigh. You take things easily, it seems. But for myself I shall not hear that Queen Anne is dead without grief. The words will mean much: the ending of a glorious reign, and a famous age.

STEELE. Ah, you put your thoughts into prophetic verse yesterday. May we hear your lines? They will serve to sober Mr. Doggett's somewhat hasty enthusiasm, perhaps.

ADDISON. If the ladies desire it, surely—

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THE LADIES. Pray, if you will so far favour us.

(They stand round the ladies with their teacups, and the gentlemen with their silver cups).

ADDISON (*in centre*). I took for my text, words which I fear may be on every lip in a few hours time.
Queen Anne is dead. The final page
Is writ of our Augustan age.
An age of great things dreamed and done,
Of victories by great captains won,
With milder triumphs counted dear
By partisan and pamphleteer.
(*To the ladies*) An age adorned with hoop and patch,
With pink brocade and silks to match.
When beauty babbled half the day
About the teacups (*the ladies hold up their cups*) and the tray:
Or in the Mall the linkmen ran
Before her ladyship's sedan,
Put out the lights—the word is said—
Put up the cards—*Queen Anne is dead.*

We yield our age to Time in trust
To guard, when we ourselves are dust;
Our gleaming tankards (*they hold them up*) shall be set
In some collector's cabinet;
Our ruddy gables, sunset fired,
Shall be of every man admired;
Our mullioned oriels greet the dawn
Shining above the dewy lawn.
While this our closing phrase shall be
An oft-told tale's epitome,
Attesting as the years advance
Its own far-off significance,

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When first the fateful message sped
That meant so much—*Queen Anne is dead.*

(*As the auditors faintly murmur applause,* PATRICK *comes in.*)

PATRICK (*to* SALTER). A captain of Dragoons, on the march to London, desires to pass through the garden with his men.

DUKE OF ORMONDE. Not intending violence, I trust?

STEELE. If they meditate any such thing, Lord Wharton must tame them with his once famous melody—you have not forgot it, my lord?

WHARTON. Nay, was ever march like it? Mr. Purcell was at his best there (*begins to hum*).

ADDISON. How did it run? (*as* WHARTON *is not attending*) The worst words and the best tune ever composed.

WHARTON. Let me see (*sings*).

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.

(*The officer and his men enter marching. All join in chorus*).

Lero, lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

MUNDEN (*of the soldiers*). Never were veterans like Marlborough's.

ADDISON. Or a tune like this—

(*They all repeat chorus, and march off in couples, headed by the soldiers*).

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NOTE TO EPISODE IX.

"The ten thousand gimcracks at Don Saltero's."

Steele.

Chelsea is making history—its workshop, Don Saltero's coffee house, museum, meeting place of the "Scriblerus Club," and centre for gossip in an age of curiosity.

No tavern this, but rather a clubhouse for wit, beauty, literature and politics; and politics ran high when Whig and Tory sat on opposite sides of the playhouse. What a company! "Don Saltero," barber, dentist, and host by turns, "the foremost toyman of his time," like Dr. Sloane, a collector, but of dubious curios. Jacobite Luttrell, his pockets full of broadsheets, Chelsea's Rector, Admiral Munden. Addison, shrewd, witty Whig,—who does not love his "Sir Roger?"—or even laugh at himself when Addison bids him do so? Dr. Sloane, another Whig, and yet the chosen doctor of the dying Queen, with him his Scotch colleague Arbuthnot, whose wit was often more efficacious than his physic.

There is grave news of their Royal patient.

Two more stand out in striking contrast—Jonathan Swift and Dick Steele, sworn enemies. Swift, the sensitive, bitter, satirical "mad parson" of only mild Whig views. Steele, the gay, inconsequent ex-guardsman, who lashed the follies of his day, in a fifty guinea wig of vast dimensions; a good patriot whose enmity died away in raillery. Both unlike, yet products of the day when advancement hung upon the favour of the chamberwoman.

Uncertain times accentuate the political atmosphere. The Queen loves not the Hanoverian succession. Little would provoke a quarrel, but for the presence of the ladies.

The Doctors leave to resume their vigil. The tension increases, the curios lie unheeded.

What is that shouting, louder and nearer each minute? Actor Doggett, breathless, flushed, is borne shoulder high into the coffee-house. The Queen is dead. The Hanoverian succession maintained. "Long live George I." Little sorrow for the dead Queen; the Whigs have triumphed.

Year by year the light skiffs shoot through Chelsea Bridge, in contest for the "Coat and Badge." It is the far-off echo of the old time strife of Whig and Tory, endowed by the "golden actor," Doggett, "a Whig up to the head and ears."

FRANK STEVENS.

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UNDA. So came the Georges. From a Chelsea room
Walpole ruled Caroline, Caroline her King,
Till Pitt's star rose, and in Culloden's marsh
The foiled Pretender saw his kingdom sink.

TAMESIS. Still Chelsea grew in favour and in fame,
Her schools were thronged, her Physick Garden throve.
And Doggett, D'Urfey, Dibdin sang her praise,
Whilst all the town—prince, pedant, fop and fool—
Paced the Rotunda of her Ranelagh.

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KING EDWARD VI.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

KING CHARLES II.

KING GEORGE I.

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

KING GEORGE II.

From designs for costumes by Tom Heslewood.

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EPISODE X.

ROYAL FÊTE AT RANELAGH GARDENS IN 1749.

By Russell Alexander.

How the King was to be received at the Ranelagh Gardens; how a treasonable plot was laid for the discomfiture of Heidegger; how Dr. Johnson experimented in the Chelsea China Factory; how a Minuet was danced by figures of Chelsea China; how Heidegger was pacified and a Pageant produced before the King.

Dramatis Personæ.

John James Heidegger, *Master of Revels.*
The Patrol.
Servants.
Dr. Johnson.
James Boswell.
Tobias Smollett.
Mrs. Montague.
Mrs. Thrale.
Dr. Messenger Monsey.
Henry Fielding.
Mrs. Delany.
Mrs. Carter.
David Garrick.
Duke of Montagu.
Heidegger's Double.
Lord March.
Duke of Kingston.
Lord Orford.
Lord Chesterfield.
Lady Caroline Petersham.
Horace Walpole.
Oliver Goldsmith.
Chelsea China Figures.
Masqueraders.
Peg Woffington.
King George II.
Prince and Princess of Wales.
Duke of Cumberland.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court.
Officers of the Royal Guard.

Enter a few of the crowd.

Enter John James Heidegger. *He receives visitors with ceremonious bows.*

Enter the Patrol.

Enter Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, Smollett, Goldsmith.

The Patrol groups itself in a central position.

Heidegger (*in a loud voice to the Patrol.*) His Majesty will arrive almost immediately. Attend his Majesty's entrance.

Exit Patrol.

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Enter DR. MONSEY, FIELDING, MRS. MONTAGUE, MRS. DELANY, MRS. CARTER, *followed by more of the crowd. Meantime, from the opposite side, where they cannot be observed by those who have entered,* GARRICK, THE DUKE OF MONTAGU, *and* HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE, *have come in.* HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE *wears clothes exactly of* HEIDEGGER'S *colour and cut, and to all appearance is the same man, for he wears a mask exactly reproducing* HEIDEGGER'S *features.* GARRICK *removes the mask and then refits it on the man's face. He turns him about and about, and exhibits him to the* DUKE OF MONTAGU. *Holds him at arm's length a moment. He and* MONTAGU *nod at each other, as much as to indicate: "He'll do."* GARRICK *makes the man go through a few actions in exaggerated mimicry of* HEIDEGGER (*who meanwhile is engaged in ceremoniously receiving visitors, including* LORD MARCH, *the* DUKE OF KINGSTON, LORD ORFORD, LORD CHESTERFIELD, LADY CAROLINE PETERSHAM *and* HORACE WALPOLE.) *While* GARRICK *is thus putting* HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE *through his paces, enter suddenly to them* GOLDSMITH, *looking for his friends, just at the moment when* HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE *is making one of his most ceremonious Heideggeresque and flourishing bows. As he steps back and sweeps his hat backwards, he and* GOLDSMITH *collide roughly, and both nearly lose their balance.* GOLDSMITH, *much surprised, rapidly adjusts his hat and wig, and is too astonished to pick up his cane, which he has dropped. He stares at all three for a moment, and as he turns and stoops to pick up his cane, catches sight of the real* HEIDEGGER. *Without picking up his cane he shoots bolt upright and stares first at one and then at the other.* MONTAGU *stands by laughing.*

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GOLDSMITH (*Stammering to* GARRICK). Davy! Wha-wha-wha-what's this?

GARRICK. Goldie! But hush! Not a word!

GOLDSMITH. Two Heideggers! Davy, you're up to no good, as usual! What's this? Revelry or Devilry?

GARRICK (*Motioning* HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE *to retire, who does so*). Hush! hush! (*He laughs and leads* GOLDSMITH *towards* JOHNSON'S *group.*) *The following is spoken as they walk towards the group.*

GOLDSMITH. What's afoot? Thou'rt marvellous gay!

GARRICK. Not half so gay as yourself and all Ranelagh will be when the King arrives (*laughs*).

MONTAGU. I'll to meet his Majesty.

(*Exit, towards Ranelagh Stairs*).

GOLDSMITH (*to* GARRICK). O, thou scaramouch! What can thy jest be?

GARRICK. Ha ha! I'll not tell thee, Goldie! Wait and see! ha ha!

(*Enter the* GROUP *attired as Chelsea China Figures, who are to dance the Minuet. Enter many masqueraders.*)

GOLDSMITH. Heidegger here—Heidegger there!

GARRICK. Hush!—But you have left your cane. Permit me!

(*He goes back for* GOLDSMITH'S *cane, and* GOLDSMITH *joins* JOHNSON'S *group.*)

JOHNSON (*espying the dancers.*) Who are these? Playactors?

SMOLLETT (*deprecatingly.*) Be gentle with the playactors, good Doctor! There's Mr. Garrick (*pointing towards him as he joins* DR. MONSEY'S *group*) who is to put on my play at Drury Lane. And there are many actors here.

JOHNSON. Sir, there are preposterous people in *all* places! (BOSWELL *titters, and takes snuff.*)

SMOLLETT. Fo! (*takes snuff.*)

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BOSWELL (*to* SMOLLETT *poking fun.*) So, Sir, you have taken Marmozet out of pickle?

SMOLLETT. Fo! (*takes snuff.*)

BOSWELL. Dr. Johnson, sure, thinks nothing but good of the dancers, since *Socrates* learned to dance, though at an advanced age?

JOHNSON. Sir, he was in his second childhood! But you would not have *me* walk the Minuet, I presume?

BOSWELL. Indeed! why should not Dr. Johnson add to his other powers, a little corporeal agility?

JOHNSON. Sir, Providence hath not fit me for the fantastic.

SMOLLETT. Besides, the Doctor finds his relaxation in Tea, Conversation, and Chymistry.

JOHNSON. Sir, 'tis true I have breathed the regions of speculation in your Chelsea China Factory; but, alas! the determinations of science are often effaced by inconsiderable trifles.

BOSWELL. May I ask, Sir, what were the inconsiderable trifles that led you to discontinue your experiments in the porcelain walk?

JOHNSON. Sir, 'twas the disastrous temper of the Chelsea ovens, combined with an incompatible conglomeration of materials. My productions, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contained in them the principles of corruption. My Cupids, Harlequins, and Columbines—.

GARRICK (*who, with some of his circle has approached* JOHNSON'S *group during the foregoing conversation.*)—Ahem! (*takes snuff*).

JOHNSON (*ponderously.*) And Columbines, Sir, (I speak in the scientific sense) were, I found, but the progeny of error; and so they perished.

GOLDSMITH. Alas! Sir—But *these* (*pointing to the dancers, who are now moving off again*) be figures of a *livelier* clay.

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DR. JOHNSON.

GEORGE II.

A MASQUERADER.

CHELSEA CHINA FIGURE.

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EPISODE X.

Photographs by] [*Miss Kate Pragnell.*

JOHNSON. Ay, Sir, they be *pretty* fools (*looking at the dancers as they go off.*)

GARRICK. Ah, the *Mitre* knows Dr. Johnson is not altogether insensible to a pretty figure.

JOHNSON. Sir——.

GARRICK. Provided 'tis of *Chelsea* make! (*takes snuff*).

DR MONSEY. Dangling a pretty woman on one's knee——.

GARRICK. Or penning copies of birthday verses to an adorable Mrs. Montague——.

MRS. MONTAGUE (*who has been conversing with* MRS. THRALE *and* MRS. CARTER): Did I hear someone mention myself? (*they salute her*).

GARRICK. Madam, Dr. Monsey was telling us how he spends his spare time (*takes snuff*).

MONSEY. Madam, I was saying that those are wrong who imagine I don't know how to employ my hours. I have my Bible (of which Mr. Garrick knows little) (GARRICK *takes snuff*) and my Shakespeare, (of whom Mr. Garrick knows less) (GARRICK *takes snuff again and drops his box*) and I have a saw, an hammer, a chisel and an hatchet—with which I chop off fools' heads when they begin to be too wise. (*This last part of the sentence with a snap*).

GARRICK. Ah, here is Peg Woffington, to speak the Prologue—Goldies' verses. (*To* GOLDSMITH) Your cane. Mind! not a word! (*hands him his cane.*)

Enter a large number of masqueraders singing. All leave a clear space for the entrance of PEG WOFFINGTON

Enter PEG WOFFINGTON, *conducted by* HEIDEGGER, *who holds her hand and leads her to a central position. He then retires, leaving her alone. She speaks*

THE PROLOGUE.

Let the green Olive grace Italia's vales;
Let spicey Ceylon's Island scent the gales;—

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'Tis thine, bright RANELAGH, to smile as kind,
And bring a gay sensation to the mind
Of SAMUEL JOHNSON, tho' stern SMOLLETT scold,
And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold;
Tho' Mr. Moses Primrose turn a hair,
And pull a face at th' *Fontarabian Fair*;
As who would clip the lightsome wings of fun,
Or moralise upon a *Chelsea Bun*:—
'Tis thine to charm the great, the rich, the gay,
Who cheerful play that trifle, Life, away,
While *Carestini* pours th' enchanting lay.
Nor silent is the Female voice whose art
Can bring soft raptures to the melting heart,
As when in Paphian Groves the Queen of Love
With fond complaint addressed the list'ning Jove!
Hence, chill *Philosophy*, go hide thine head,
Nor tell how *Beauty* should with *Prudery* wed;
How *Comedy* and *Tragedy* embrace:
Or *Beaux* will snap a snuff-box in thy face!
But come, *Euphrosyne*, assume the Fan,
Where Wit the Woman, Manners make the Man;
Where every Grace, and all the Muses, throng,
Exhalt the dance, and animate the Song!

[*General Applause.*

After acknowledging the applause PEG WOFFINGTON *joins the* GARRICK *group, led thither by* HEIDEGGER *with much formality. The applause is the cue for the entrance of the* KING *and Royal party.*

Enter KING GEORGE II, *the* PRINCE *and* PRINCESS OF WALES, *the* DUKES OF CUMBERLAND *and* MONTAGU, *Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, Officers of the Royal Guard. They have come by water.*

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HEIDEGGER (*in a loud voice.*) His Majesty the King! (*signals to the Orchestra, which strikes up the National Anthem. He goes to meet and welcome the* KING *and Royal party with much ceremony. While he does so, there enters his* DOUBLE, *who assumes his pompous manner, and, when he speaks, his ceremonial voice. He appears before the Orchestra, and signals them to stop playing.*)

HEIDEGGER. Ranelagh welcomes your Majesty (*bowing and taking off his hat with a flourish*).

HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE (*to the Orchestra, imitating* HEIDEGGER). Idiots! Stop! That's the wrong tune! Now! "*Charlie over the Water!*" (*confusion of Orchestra.*) *The National Anthem tails off raggedly, while the real* HEIDEGGER *is engaged with the* KING. *The false* HEIDEGGER *conceals himself.*

HEIDEGGER (*to the King.*)—I trust your Majesty found the *Water* pleasant—

The Orchestra (*smartly*) *strikes up "Charlie over the Water."*

HEIDEGGER (*amazed, stares wildly round, then rushes to the Orchestra, leaving the* KING, *who, like* CUMBERLAND *and* MONTAGU, *assumes an over-acted, puzzled expression. The spectators stare at* HEIDEGGER *and the Orchestra.*) "Zounds! What do I hear? Stop! Stop! Imps! Fools Puppies! Coxcombs! Jackasses! The National Anthem, at once! encore! again! Zounds! Zounds! ("*Charlie over the Water,*" *tails off raggedly with a babel of brass: during the momentary silence the* KING *speaks to* MONTAGU.)

THE KING (*laughing, to* MONTAGU). The little gudgeon takes the bait!

MONTAGU. Your Majesty can play your part?

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THE KING. Trust me! The candle of our Garrick shall be snuffed!

The Orchestra strikes up the National Anthem again, somewhat shakily.

HEIDEGGER (*running back to the* KING *and bowing humbly*). Your Majesty! I—I—

THE KING (*coldly*). Who are you, Sirrah?

HEIDEGGER (*almost tearfully*). Who, Sire? Me, Sire, I, Sire?

THE KING (*half angrily*). Yes, Sirrah! You, Sirrah.

HEIDEGGER (*incredulously*). Sure, your Majesty knows your Majesty's Heidegger (*pronouncing the last word proudly*) Superintendent of the pleasures of England (*pompously*), Preserver of the Gaities of Nations? (*Grandiosly.*)

Meantime HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE *has again approached the Orchestra, affecting great vexation. He signs to them to stop playing. Some cast their eyes heavenwards and shake their heads. The others continue the National Anthem weakly, a few instruments only carrying on the tune. On* HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE *again motioning them to stop they break off, an oboe wailing out a last, long, melancholy note.*

HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE (*in a loud whisper*). Now! again!

The Orchestra strikes up "Charley over the Water" once again, more sharply than before, with a determination born of despair.

THE KING. We looked not for sedition, here, Sirrah!

1ST OFFICER OF THE GUARD. Sedition? Treason? Oons blood! (*draws.*)

2ND OFFICER OF THE GUARD. S'Death! (*draws*).

3RD OFFICER OF THE GUARD. Ods Life! (*draws*). *All three assume a fighting attitude, each different.*

HEIDEGGER (*roaring to the Orchestra*). Cats of Hell! I will devour you! (*rushes to Orchestra Leader, pulls him from*

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his perch, and knocks him down. The playing stops. He turns—and confronts his DOUBLE. *He staggers, nearly losing his balance, passes his hand over his eyes, and stares blankly at his* DOUBLE. *In his consternation he pulls off his own wig, and claps it on again, awry.*)

HEIDEGGER'S DOUBLE (*to* HEIDEGGER). Impostor! Traitor! (*he drags* HEIDEGGER *by the ear nearer to the* KING). Sire! (*to the* KING) 'Tis all the fault of this lying rascal of a Jacobite, who has got himself up to look like me!
For you must know this handsome phiz is,
(*Puris naturabilis*), *my* visage! (*pointing to his own masked face.*)

(*The three Officers with drawn swords threaten* HEIDEGGER, *who stutters, stammers, and stamps.*)

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND (*laughing, to the officers.*) Put up, Gentlemen! Put up!

MONTAGU. Nay, Gentlemen, run the traitor through! (*laughing*). (*The officers threaten* HEIDEGGER *with their swords, one of which pricks him in a certain place behind.* HEIDEGGER *jumps, and clasps his hand there*).

THE KING (*laughing*). O! O! enough! No blood should stain so nice a comedy! (*laughs uproariously, in which he is joined by the* DUKES OF CUMBERLAND *and* MONTAGU, *and the others round*).

HEIDEGGER (*Beside himself, to his* DOUBLE.) I'll, I'll tear your face off! I'll scalp you!

(*He tears off his* DOUBLE'S *mask, dashes it to the ground, and stamps it to pieces. Then glaring round at the laughing faces, he rushes off, one hand on his wound, and his wig all awry, amid general laughter*).

THE KING. After him and bring him back; we must not lose our HEIDEGGER.

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THE CHELSEA CHINA MINUET IS DANCED.

(*After it re-enter* HEIDEGGER).

THE KING. Well, HEIDEGGER man, are we forgiven?

HEIDEGGER. When your Majesty deigns to express regret no subject can keep his choler. Did our minuet have the distinction to please you?

THE KING. So well that we will take our leave; you can have nothing better to show us.

HEIDEGGER. Wait, wait, I beseech your Highness. How say you to this for a show?

(*General re-entrance of all characters in Pageant*).

DESCRIPTIVE NOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE EPISODE.

"Our grandfathers knew the picture from the life; we judge of the life," said Dr. Johnson, "by contemplating the picture." By contemplating the picture presented in this Episode, you will be able to judge of a small segment of London's life when the torrent of fashion flowed to Ranelagh Gardens. A segment? Rather a moment—a sparkle of the brilliance that shed a lustre in the "fifties," "sixties," and "seventies" of the eighteenth century. Those years —or part of their social life which we picture when so much as even the name of Ranelagh catches our eye—are like Horace Walpole's letters: "fiddles sing all through them, wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages glitter and sparkle; never was such a brilliant, smirking Vanity Fair." There is no need to grow historical over Ranelagh Gardens. Everybody knows how the fashionable world flocked to Ranelagh while the homely classes played at battledore and shuttlecock, leap-frog, see-saw, and stealing a kiss at Vauxhall; how Horace Walpole's heart gradually melted to its charms; how Chesterfield—who "always frequented the society of his superiors,"—saw there a centre for those Grâces, Agrémens, Bienséances of his; how the scene "brought a gay sensation to the mind" of Dr. Samuel Johnson himself; how—in fine—it was "one of those public places of entertainment that, for beauty, elegance and

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grandeur, was not to be equalled in Europe." These things are matters of history. A particularly sparkling moment of Ranelagh's history was the visit by George II. and his court in 1749. On that day there was a Fete, "in the Venetian manner," arranged in honour of the King. And this is the moment selected for our Episode. But it is not that moment only we celebrate. For the Episode is intended rather to give an impression of Ranelagh in its heyday than actually to reproduce the exact details of that special occasion. So we are able to present not only a choice, but a large collection of eighteenth century notables. Many of these, however, were intimately connected with Chelsea. All knew Ranelagh as well as we know Hyde Park. Among the former was Horace Walpole, whose boyhood was spent in the house now part of the Royal Hospital Infirmary; Smollett, who wrote novels—and entertained his friends, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other choice spirits in his garden at Lawrence House; the "Great Cham" himself, who not only visited Smollett, but, regularly twice a week, the Chelsea China Works, in pursuit of "that love of chemistry which," says Boswell, "never forsook him," but which never helped him to produce anything but diabolical odours! Here too, of course, we shall find that quaintest of quaint characters, old Dr. Messenger Monsey, Physician to the Hospital and adorer of Mrs. Montague, to which celebrated blue-stocking he wrote love-letters and birthday verses. He had been intimate with Garrick, too, but quarrelled with him, and characteristically enough, never forgave him. Mrs. Montague will be seen, Mrs. Thrale, and "dear, delicious Mrs. Delany." And—ladies of a different mould—these are Peg Woffington and Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston and Countess of Bristol, who scandalised everybody by her "goings on" in costumes considerably less—or more—classic than Directoire gowns, at the Ranelagh routs, ridottos and masquerades. As for John James Heidegger, King George's long-suffering, much-lampooned, little, unhandsome, pompous, "Master of the Revels," he will be seen in just such a rage as Hogarth drew him in after just such a joke had been played on him (on a masquerade night at the Haymarket Opera-House) as he is here shown the victim of. The "delicious" Mrs. Delany added insult to his many injuries by calling him "the ugliest man that ever was formed."

R. A.

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Chelsea China Minuet.

Tempo moderato.

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THE EPILOGUE.

Our Masque is ended. Ended, not indeed
For lack of themes to crowd another hour,
Since yet a galaxy of later stars—
Sweet Fry and Faulkner and Cavalier
Old Burney and his Evelina too
Turner, Carlyle, Rossetti, Whistler, nay
A heavenly host of all the magnitudes
In Chelsea's constellation, yet await
The Pageant of the future, that must tell
The stories that are still of yesterday ;
But since our spell is over, and we fear
To tread too close on memories that live
We must cry halt, and bid you all farewell.

But first, your verdict. Here presented stand
Well nigh a score of centuries. Each and all
Player and Author, Poet, Artist, Scribe,
With pen and pencil, needle, knife and brush
Have freely given, bestowing of their best.
What think you of our folk play? Is it well
To con our storied heritage? Is it good
To feast on colour, music and the dance :
To leave, for a brief season all the rush
And turmoil of the present, and step back

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To the far regions of the historic past?
Is it not well that we, the ages' heirs,
Should waken Chelsea's pride in Chelsea, thus
To realise how every yard of earth
About her homes is charged with memories?
To watch, as in a glass, how history
Is builded, aye, and building, hour by hour,
And we its architects? If this be well
Then are we justified. And in the name
Of Chelsea's sorrowful poor and maimed and blind
The wounded in Life's pitiable fray,
We thank you, who have helped, with us, to fill
The hand of Pity, stretched to them in Love.

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THE PAGEANT PASSES.

In the dear old times that are dead and gone,
The ancient days that, alas, are done
(Though they're pleasant still to think upon
With praise always to the Giver.)
There was once a strand with a fisherman's cot,
And a ferry perhaps, and an orchard plot,
And the name of this old-world little spot
Was Chealchyth, by the River.

Here, they tell us, Great Cæsar crossed
To the field where the Briton's realm was lost,
(And from any such invading host
May our good fleet us deliver,
Unless they are armed with Baedekers red,
And come by Cook discreetly led
In a chario-banc at so much a head
To Chelsea by the River !)

Here was the Garden More held dear,
Here his King's Manor House, and near
Was the "Magpie" Inn and the "Swan," and here—
Stern moralists, forgive her,—
The lovely Mazarin held her Court,
Whose ways were naughty and means were nought,
And whose smiles and dinners were dearly bought
At Chelsea by the River.

Dacre and Danvers, Steele and Sloane,
Swift for its air, and Mead for its tone,
Bishop and Duchess, Wit and drone
With one consent came hither ;

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Holbein, Erasmus, Gorges and Bray,
Walpole and Smollett, Johnson, Gay,
Cheyne and Newton, each in his day
Loved Chelsea by the River.

Here in her heyday Charles' Nell
Lived, as our Veterans love to tell;
And here (though it's all, as we know full well,
A myth to the unbeliever,)
She cornered her King by the College wall,
And charmed so wisely that, after all,
He founded the Royal Hospital
At Chelsea by the River.

Life is a lottery, so say all;
Some draw a big prize, some a small,
And whether its worth while living at all
Largely depends on the liver.
But this advice is beyond all strife
To bachelor, Benedick, maid or wife:—
If you must live somewhere, live your life
In Chelsea by the River.

Motors have marred her King's old Road,
Time has effaced her relics old,
Still shall her children not withhold
The love they used to give her.
Old folks who here were lad and lass
Proudly, across old Ranelagh's grass
They'll watch the storied Pageant pass
Of Chelsea by the River.

From far and wide where her sons have spread,
From distant shores where her maids have wed,
Homeward to-day their thoughts have sped
Straight as the dart from the quiver:

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From veldt and bush and lonely track,
From parching sheeprun and frozen pack,
Eyes that the years have dimmed, look back
Toward Chelsea by the River.

Dawn then, Day of our high emprise,
Shine, brave Sun, in the June blue skies
While our Pageant passes, whose memories
Shall live and flourish ever,
For the children gazing to-day in glee
Shall tell their grandsons in times to be
How Chelsea held high Pageantry—
Sweet Chelsea by the River.

Old River, flowing out of the West,
A thousand ships shall lie on your breast,
And then at last you shall reach your rest
In the depths of the sea for ever.
O fleeting shadows, O Midsummer Dream,
When the last word's said in the last gay scene,
Shall all be as if it had never been
At Chelsea by the River?

The Pageant passes, for you and me;
A sight and a happy memory.
But what of the children, the race to be
Watching it here by the River?
Shall there perchance be some there, thrilled
Toward the lone high paths they climb who build
An empire, spurred to the fame that shall gild
Their Chelsea page for ever?

REGINALD BLUNT.

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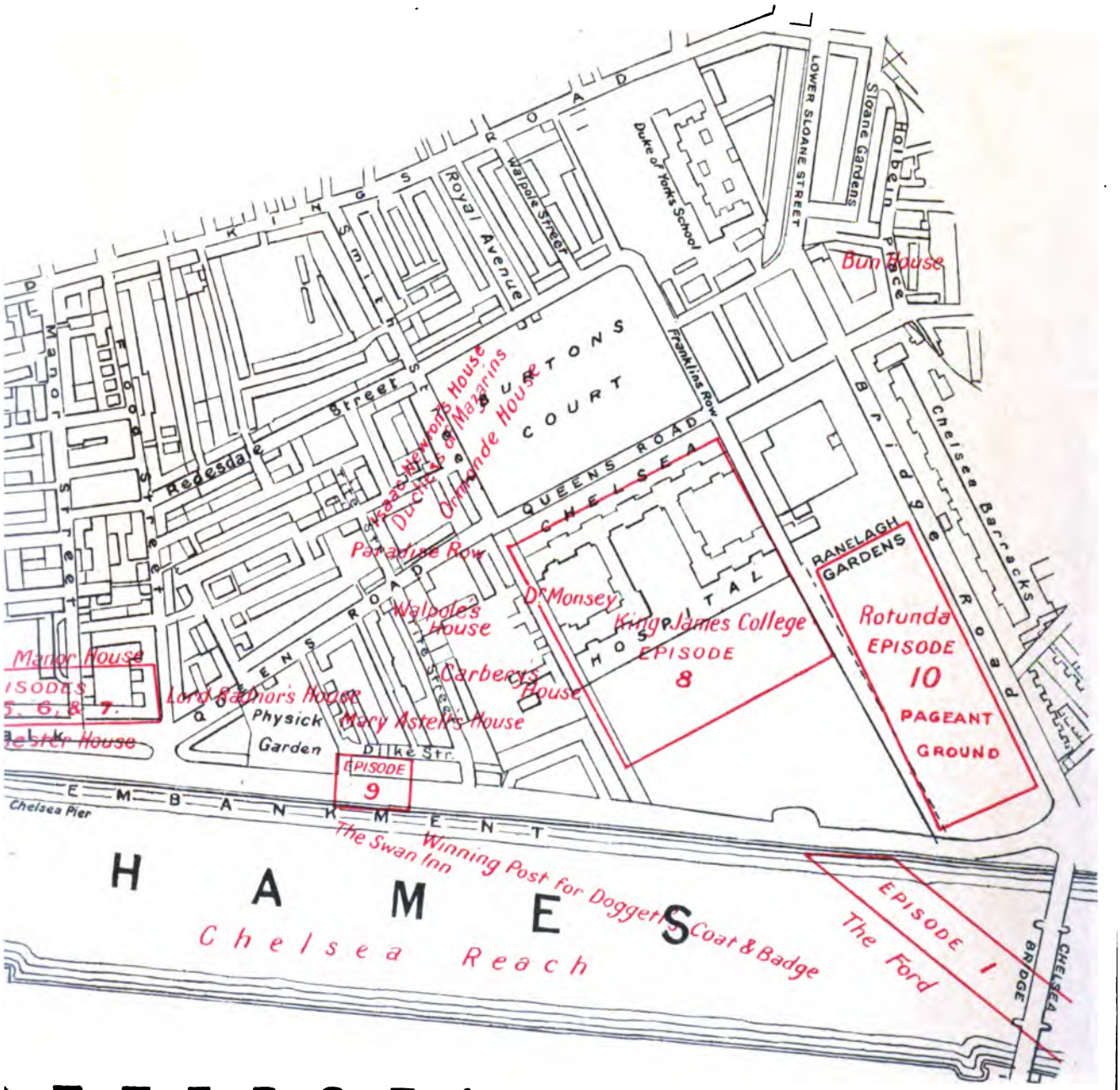

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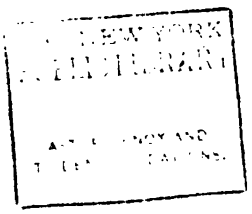
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